

THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE HOLY, CATHOLIC CHURCH

PRIVATE information which we believe to be trustworthy, recently received, tells us that there is a strong likelihood that the spring elections in France will place power in the hands of the more radical elements, with anticlericalism of a militant character bound to be prominent upon their program of action. It may be so. United as most of the numerous French political parties appear to be in regard to the national interests—material interests of security and finances—under the surface there are many disagreements, and the forces which tend toward economic radicalism and especially those which constantly labor to destroy what is left of the organized strength of the Catholic Church in France will certainly combine if circumstances seem favorable to their assumption of power. It should never be forgotten that in France, as in Mexico, and many other countries, there is one organization of extraordinary effectiveness, permeating all orders of society, with particular strength in political life, which pursues an anti-Catholic policy consistently, invariably and unrelentingly. This is the Masonic order. In the United States, this special element of Masonry is not so well developed; but it is present. You only need to read the official organ of the Scottish

rite, the *New Age*, published at Washington, D. C., to be fully aware of the presence in American Masonry of a strong, if minority, interest in the anti-Catholic feud cultivated by European and Spanish-American Masonry.

We are fully aware of the fact, and are duly grateful for it, that for the most part American Masonry follows its benevolent and fraternal paths quite unaffected by the esoteric anti-Catholicism cultivated and promulgated by a minority of the inside leaders; and we are not trying to create a scare about American Masonry and the anti-Catholic bugaboo cherished by the small group in question. Nevertheless, facts are facts; and nobody acquainted with the facts would be concerned to deny that the drastic anti-Catholic constitution passed by the Cortes in Spain, and the more recent anti-Catholic laws passed in Mexico, were largely the work of the lodges, working, in this matter anyhow, in close coöperation with groups under the influence if not actually in the pay of anti-God Moscow. If politics proverbially produce strange bed-fellows, much more is the proverb justified in the case of anti-Catholic politics. Once you begin to quote the sacred slogans of "liberty," and "enlightenment," and "progress," and

"democracy," you may hopefully expect that all sorts and conditions of people for whom these ideas are shining ideals will dance to your tune, even if it means the incidental dynamiting of churches and shrines, and the exile or execution of the ministers of religion. This is particularly to be expected if the anti-Catholic measures are put over in the form of legislative laws, and are not the mere dictatorial decrees of a tyrant. For in this case, the laws are supposed to represent the considered, justly determined will of the state, and the modern mood more and more tends to elevate the concept of the state to the place once occupied in normal human minds by the idea of Almighty God.

In Mexico, for example, both branches of the Congress have passed a law, which only requires the signature of the President to become operative, limiting the number "of officiating clergymen of any sect" to one for every 50,000 persons in the federal district and territories—which means Mexico City and Baja, or Lower, California. It is probable that such a provision would have little if any practical effect so far as the congregations of Mexican Protestants or Jews are concerned, since their numbers are very limited; but in the case of the Catholics it would mean that the immense body of the communicants of that church resident in or near the capital would have only twenty-four priests to look after them—for baptisms, confession, communion, marriages, sick calls, funerals, the Mass, and all the many other ministrations which make of the life of a Catholic priest one unremitting round of bodily, mental and spiritual service to his flock. And this in a city in which only the other day half a million men, women and children went forth in pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe! Which fact, of course, is a partial explanation of the counter-blow struck by the anti-Catholic members of the Congress—a blow which they doubled by passing another measure changing the name of the Mexico City suburb of Guadalupe to Villa Gustavo Madero, in honor of a brother of former President Madero. Well, the Mexican Catholics have honored the Virgin of Guadalupe for some four hundred years, and they are likely to remember the name for some time to come, in spite of their legislature. And they are also more than likely to continue the work of their priests, all "laws" to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the point we would like to make is this, namely, that the action of the Mexican legislature, unjust as it palpably is, and absolutely tyrannical in its dealings with the members of the Catholic Church, will be calmly, even approvingly, accepted by many American liberals—led by the esoteric anti-Catholic Masons—to whom any criticism of Bolshevistic Russia is a sure sign of a "reactionary mentality."

And there are others who without admiring or approving the anti-religious tactics of Russia will still hold that a legislature, acting for the state, has a full and complete right to dictate to religious believers in the matter of the number of their ministers, or similar

things. All this must be recognized, and allowed for; there the situation is, and there is no use getting excited about it. But a further and much more important matter remains for discussion, namely, what are Catholics going to do about it?

The immediate answer may come, "Well, what *can* Catholics do about it? What business is it of American Catholics what the Spanish or the Mexican or the Russian government (God save the mark!) do or do not do in the matter of regulating the religious habits and customs of the Spanish, or Mexican, or Russian people?" When such a question is asked, the question in itself is a proof of the lack of a knowledge of Christianity on the part of the questioner. Nationalism, within strictly reasonable and humane limits, is an excellent thing. Nations like individuals should be free and independent. Nations should not interfere with each other. All quite true and sound; but—Christianity is a greater, wider, more binding, more lasting force or condition than any racialism or any nationalism. It is a life that binds together all who profess it; all whom it energizes and elevates into a plane of being superior to the circumstances of time and place. And that life cannot flourish and be productive of its proper fruits of well-being and charity and mutual aid if Christians of one country forget or ignore the lot of Christians in some other country. This is what our bishops must have had in mind when they created the National Catholic Welfare Conference, primarily to unite and focus all the activities of all American Catholics to aid their own country in that country's hour of peril in the great war, but also to bring the help and comfort, temporal and spiritual, of American Catholics to bear upon the distress of Catholics in other lands since the war—in the Near East, in the West Indies, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in Mexico. There is no need of what is called "political pressure," and "political interference," in such instances of American Catholic coöperation as those of Mexico and Spain; but there is need—strong, urgent, pressing need—of wide Catholic knowledge of the facts, and of the proper expression of informed and righteous opinion.

In this grave hour of world distress, it is not merely the economic, or the financial, interests of humanity that are at stake—the moral and spiritual values of mankind are threatened from many quarters. American Catholics should realize that fact. Secure in their own religious rights in a country whose institutions and whose prevailing spirit, despite a few discordant notes, have given them full liberty of opportunity—and what more should American Catholics desire?—they must not grow selfish; they should heed the distress of others in less-favored lands. As a highly practical corollary of such a thought, each and every Catholic organization not yet united with the National Catholic Welfare Conference should make it a New Year's resolution to unite with their brothers and sisters, and work together for their other brothers and sisters in the lands of tyranny and oppression.

WEEK BY WEEK

MANIFESTLY the congressional attitude toward debts is peculiar. Peculiar first of all in so far as the moratorium is concerned, which has been utilized as a peg on which to hang a great deal of ultra-political oratory. This talk may be disregarded. It was Mr. Hoover's misfortune—partly his fault, because of his failure to let France know what he was doing—to find that the moratorium, which at first promised so well as a credit-strengthening device, should have fallen a victim to French opposition. Had it worked, not a congressman would have failed to demand for himself some part of the aureole of achievement. Not a senator but would have recalled the alacrity which characterized his response to the President's inquiry. But the thing failed—failed because there exists a calamitous gulf between the nation's diplomacy and its law-making body. If the White House had not been so concerned over senatorial opinions about the suggestion, it would doubtless have more easily concentrated on the foreign aspects of the problem. However all this may be, the moratorium is ratified. What now matters is the question of the debts.

NO DOUBT the campaign against the "Hoover idea" of last summer is primarily an offensive against possible steps to cancel what remains of foreign indebtedness. The tenor of the irreconcilable mind on this subject is clear; if any information had been needed, the Kahn inquiry would have sufficed to supply it. A goodly number of congressmen feel that France can well afford to pay what it owes, and others hold that Great Britain is still solvent enough. Why, therefore, propose to the people of the United States the costly generosity of cancellation? This reasoning has a tradition of twelve years behind it. Dictated by wholesale resentment of the war, it has become the maxim round which American nationalism perennially rallies. For men like Senator Johnson, a principle is at stake. A fig for expediency! If France's only reply would be German bankruptcy, why then let us have German bankruptcy. Should this in turn signify social and economic revolution on the Continent, let us retreat behind our splendid bastions and carefully herd our own sheep. Billions of dollars are at stake? Only the bankers will lose them. It is the principle which matters, sirs—the honor of having no wool pulled over our eyes. Thus does a new Don Quixote ride against the windmill. Ultimately his point is this: whether we get the debt money or not, we should insist upon its being paid.

BEFORE the American people are committed to such a program, it may behoove a good many of them to look a bit at realities. To see what is as it is. There is no other sensible political rule, no other sound

diplomatic axiom. We do not want to cancel the debts. Be it so. But we likewise do not wish—more than ever just now—to lose our trade, our investments and our security. Any man, be he senator or plain citizen, professing to believe, in this era of poverty and unemployment, that trade and money losses concern only the few is a plain fool. No other term will do. The word is not used in the sense objected to by the Scripture, but in the simple scientific way in which it is employed by the alienist. Sound thinking suggests that while we cannot collect the debts, we do not want to cancel them. Let us stop there. But can we uphold them while still retaining our other stakes abroad? That is the only question which Congress should consider; and in the interest of the nation baffled by distress, those who talk nonsense about it should be silenced. The answer can be found. We suggest the first steps toward finding it: let the powers that prevail in foreign trade leave no stone unturned to protect their interests and the interests of the many dependent on them; let the investment bankers organize the "vast multitude" to whom foreign securities have been sold. Then we shall begin to know where we are at. Then the quotations for oratory may show an encouraging decline.

TO HAVE the United States Department of Commerce coming out as a sponsor of birth control, would seem almost incredible. It is of the same fundamental inspiration as the government's advocacy of plowing under every third row of cotton, burning corn and wheat, and killing every ninth cow. The full implication of it, in the confusion that now surrounds us, is not realized. As a confession of impotence to deal with life and the goods of this world on a basis of directing them to noble and desirable ends, it is not only shameless, it is rotten at the core; it is the final and all-comprehensive cowardice that embraces race suicide not as a theory, but as a practicable, here-and-now answer to the riddle of the universe and the problems of living. As a matter of fact, the Department of Commerce has sponsored birth control only by indirection. In a monograph issued by the Census Bureau of the Department, an ardent advocate of birth control is allowed to state his "reasons for believing that the control of births today is largely for immediate personal advantage and as such is not really intelligent control." Pointing out the defects of this "individualistic control," the author declares that it will not be replaced by "a really intelligent control" until we "alter the form of our present social organization." Immediate personal advantage, in short, is to be subordinated to social organization. For the vague modern fetish of a mechanically perfect society—something which has no demonstrable basis in fact, in history, and which any grasp of the science of mathematical permutations and combinations applied to human individualities re-

duces to its ultimate and final absurdity—the individual is to sacrifice personal judgment as to his personal advantage and permit social organization, actually the state, to control life at the source.

STRANGELY, the proponents of this ultimate and final department of federal prohibition are those who have in the past styled themselves the defenders of liberty of conscience and private judgment. The situation is a gigantic farce, were not the birth controllers so seriously messianic and so successful in impressing the gullible with statistics that are accepted with far less scientific empiricism than the average, normal man and woman can bring to bear on the truths of the natural law that are the basis of Catholic morality. The temper of this messianic attitude toward birth control is well illustrated by the pronouncements of the author of the present Department of Commerce booklet, in his book published in 1929: "I regard birth control [conception control] as one of the greatest discoveries of mankind. It will have an influence on human affairs as great as the discovery of fire, the invention of printing, or the application of electricity to communication and industry. Its spread can be delayed by obstacles—for example, laws, customs and the like—but its onward march cannot be prevented, and in time it will change the entire course of history." The last part of this prophecy is no doubt correct. Birth control would indeed seem to be the next great heresy with which the Church will have to struggle, as it has struggled with heresies that have shaken almost the entire world in the past, and survived them. Many Catholic writers have already written that the Church will enter upon a new era of persecution in which its opponents everywhere will seek control of the state for the creation of a social organization which will legislate the freedom of conscience and private judgment of Catholics out of existence. Though the language of the Department of Commerce publication here referred to is too guarded to permit of a clear case for objection, it would certainly seem to be in its implications an entering wedge for state absolutism inimical to the Church. If we are in error in this assumption, we should be glad to hear so; if we are not, we believe the matter is important.

WORD has reached us indirectly of one of our readers who last month celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a priest, Monsignor M. D. Connolly, of San Francisco. That in itself is a memorable monument of devotion, a noble edifice of days given with singleness of purpose to the service of God. Though we are familiar with the wonderful Catholic spirit alive in San Francisco, we can only guess the joys and the friendships that would surround a priest on such an occasion. Then all the difficulties, the forest of small tragedies, the misunder-

standings and painful indifference which he has to face at times, must recede in perspective and the golden radiance of courage, of charity and of faith suffuse the vista appearing to his inner vision. The daily Masses said must then seem like a splendid regiment of consecrated hours to have marching ahead of one for the final and irreparable judgment of one's application of the hours of this life. Besides this felicity of the priestly life, Monsignor Connolly may rejoice also in the substantial one that he has been a church builder. One of the few granite structures in San Francisco, St. Paul's Church at Twenty-ninth and Church Streets, will be for generations of men and women a house of God which was largely due to Monsignor Connolly's persistent energy and personal genius as a builder. Previously he was associated with the late Archbishop Riordan and Monsignor Prendergast in the building of St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. Those of us who stand at a little distance and serve in what ways we can in the world, may happily acknowledge how our faith is renewed and refreshed by the lives of the men that Our Lord has specially singled out for His discipleship, and who labor to build not for themselves and for a time, but for all men and for eternity.

WHEN the ordinary American magazine changes its name, it is generally because of a change in ownership or management—or because the revenues of the older publication have dwindled so much that its publishers are ready for any expedient which may help stimulate their income. Yet there has recently occurred a change in the name of a well-known periodical traceable to no such reasons. With its December issue, the *Antiquarian* became the *Fine Arts*, and the change symbolizes a crisis in the history of American culture. Some five years ago a small country antique dealer conceived the idea that there was room for a good magazine devoted to American antique furniture, art and bric-a-brac. He began publication on a shoe-string, and was amazingly successful with his new venture. It was the *Antiquarian*. Little by little, the magazine changed from a publication devoted entirely to "antiques," both in the good and the bad senses of the word, to the paper it is at present—a publication devoted to the artistic in every sense, but retaining a healthy Americanism and a proper devotion to the beautiful things which our forefathers created, and hence a publication requiring a title of wider import than the *Antiquarian*. Meanwhile the American public has obviously been going through a similar change: Mr. Ernest Elmo Caulkins, with his "art in industry," the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the great additions to our municipal art collections, have all led away from the old state of affairs: a small group of rather ignorant art lovers has grown both in numbers and in knowledge until now every educated American has an intelligent interest in the fine arts.

Nor has the Church been without her share in this laudable movement. A marked change for the better has taken place in her architecture and decoration since the war—a phenomenon which is recognized by the *Fine Arts* through the inclusion in its Editorial Consultative Committee of a special editor for religious art.

THIS year it is no hollow formula to wish everyone a happy and prosperous New Year. If, as some philosophers argue, we could not know white did we not also know black, we all can well believe that from now on in the year, and years, ahead we shall have a keener appreciation of what prosperity and its attendant felicities really mean. This is our New Year wish, in the spirit of our banner "The Commonweal," that from hardships we shall attain fortitude and wisdom: fortitude to restrain from doing the old pagan (now called pragmatic) things that result in personal advantage but impoverishment of others and wisdom in mortal affairs to know wherein is real wealth besides that in yellow metal, engraved paper and figures in a ledger. The fundamental element in these desirables we hold to be the Faith instituted by Christ. If this all seems a little ponderous and solemn, it is token of our sincerity in extending our very best New Year's wishes to all!

PARENTS AS TEACHERS

UNUSUAL in many respects, and an occasion for some pride to American Catholics, is an article on education recently published in *La Civiltà Cattolica*, in Rome. Its author is the editor of that magazine, the Reverend Mario Barbera, S.J., who speaks with more than ordinary authority on the subject of Catholic pedagogy. This, coupled with the considered and detailed nature of the judgments expressed in the article, and the importance of the vehicle in which it appears, would alone recommend it to the thoughtful attention of intelligent Catholics. The further fact that it hails with warm enthusiasm, and urges for wide emulation, the educational theory and practice of an American teacher, also a Catholic—Miss Ella Frances Lynch—marks, as we say, a most unusual circumstance, and one proportionately impressive.

Miss Lynch's work, of course, is not new. As readers in general who are interested in educational problems know, she is the founder of the National League of Teacher Mothers, and has devoted some twenty years to formulating and expanding the ideas contained in that movement. She has published a series of textbooks on her principles and the technique of their application, besides numerous pithy expositions on this and cognate subjects, in various magazines. Of these, happily, THE COMMONWEAL has been one. However, there is, in the circumstances, an invitation to more concrete appraisal of her system than is implied in an

attitude of mere general approval. And such a review is so timely in view of current trends in the educational field, that we welcome the occasion for making it.

It is a tragic platitude that the whole of modern, that is mechanical, civilization—and notably in our own country—is subject to forces that irresistibly draw people out of their homes. The business begun when the first labor-saving machinery broke up many of the normal domestic units of its time, and softened the hard routine at the price of invading the self-sufficiency, of many more, has been carried to prodigious extremes today. The factors making for mass consciousness, mass entertainment, mass movement, the more sinister factors making for poverty, restlessness and insecurity, have thinned out the home walls like a material solvent, and the stream of individual life is ever outward. That constructive agencies should develop perforce to supplement the failing home, and to administer its functions in a sweeping and superdomestic way, was inevitable. Nor was it an unmixed disaster.

For one thing, we must live, within reason, in the terms of our time—which means, at present, in the terms of organization, mass and mechanical facility. For another, no sane man can regret that, during the widespread domestic interregnum, there has at least been some care, from some quarter, about such things as character-building, health and training for those who would otherwise be grossly neglected.

The danger is, of course, that the forces that rush in to help may remain to usurp. In the field of education, particularly, the technical problems which are properly the chief concern there, have had more and more to be combined with all sorts of personal, civilizing, humanizing services. This fact has operated, along with the American reverence for education (and also, it must be said, the dogmatic assurance that too often shows in the devotees of experimental sciences, like pedagogy) to arm the prevailing educational system with such power, privilege and aggressiveness that, by and large, it begins to claim the bodies and souls of its subjects.

A late and really alarming development of this tendency, it will be recognized, is the move of the advance guard of experimental schools to corral younger and younger children. The kindergarten which took them at four years was a startling innovation not so long ago. The age limit is now being pushed back to the point where progressive parents boast that their offspring have attended school since their eighteenth month. And, if the extreme behaviorists get firmly fixed in the saddle, no one can predict any term to this process.

That it is absolutely un-Catholic need not be stressed. "Artificial orphanage" of this sort, to use Father Barbera's phrase, is a disaster all along the line. It not only often subjects the unformed infant to a perpetual flux of experimental theory, endangering his mental stability, and to an atmosphere of repulsive de-

terminism subversive of normal morals. Its chief mischief is that it attenuates his living bond with those who love him most; that it robs the home of a function which promotes its own development as well as the child's; that it diverts to strangers that unique reverence which the very young child feels for his teacher as the source of all knowledge, and substitutes for the natural, wholesome authority of those who begot and bore him an imposed authority whose relation to him is only mechanical.

These dangers, most acute in the case of the little laboratory specimens under seven, do not stop at that age, of course. A good many of our saner thinkers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, have moved to meet the situation. The whole parent-teacher development, in its various ramifications, represents an appreciation of the vital truth that the child belongs with his family, and that the influences which tend to pry him loose from that organic and authoritative association, must be tempered or countered in various ways if he is to develop at par. The general *modus operandi* is, of course, to take the parents into the child's school life whenever that is possible. By discussions and meetings, by diffusing throughout the body of parents a knowledge of pedagogy, by demonstrations aimed at awakening the parents' interest and arousing their responsibility, a consistent effort is made to align the mother and father with the young pupil, to invite their understanding of what he is doing and, in measure, their influence on it.

The wing of this excellent movement with which Miss Lynch has for years been identified, represents a procedure yet more provocative and fundamental. She aims, not to bring the parents into the school, but to keep the child out of it at least until its seventh year, and as long afterward as possible. She aims, that is, to make kindergarten and even primary teachers out of parents—which means, in the main, out of mothers: teachers qualified to impart the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic; to supervise constructive play quite as much as is necessary; to preside over the acquisition of fundamental manners and morals. She aims to do this, if not universally, at least on a scale which shall constitute a solid, abiding and determinant feature of the educational system. A realistic observer of conditions and a balanced thinker, she does not speak as if this could be easily achieved. But she is confident that intelligently directed labor will achieve it, in spite of the double handicap of an entrenched and arrogant system, and an untrained and above all *unsure* body of mothers.

To this end, of deferring the hold of the system upon the young child, and fostering the natural parental solicitude into a trained medium of education, she is perfecting a simple, concrete pedagogic procedure. After the "enlightenment of parents concerning their right and privilege to be the first and true educators of their children," she aspires in all her lessons, texts and questionnaires, to arouse their confidence in their

own ability. Here, in spite of silly modern prepossessions, common sense is certainly on her side. Of course the normal mother can learn to teach her child. However, she must *learn*. In avoiding the new error of supposing that parents *qua* parents are disqualified, Miss Lynch does not fall into the old error of supposing that parents *qua* parents are omniscient. In harmony with the Pope's recent encyclical on the subject, she insists that this first education, though simple, is a special art, a practical technique. With good-will the average parent, in whom nature and God have implanted a deep love for the child, can master this art. But he or she must really work at it, allotting regular intervals, however short, to study and preparation; must grasp that a balanced mental, moral and spiritual growth is desiderated; that though obedience is indispensable, it must be exacted gently and rationally; that, though the ideal aimed at is old, there are definite principles and discoveries in child psychology that any plain layman or laywoman can, and should, apply.

We are reminded, too, that Miss Lynch does not wish her effort to stand alone. That she has had some heartening success already in enlisting coöperation, we know. But Father Barbera indicates how much broader is the scope of her design. She plans for all America—especially, of course, for Catholics, whose philosophy is in such deep consonance with her principles. "She pleads for the establishment in parishes of special courses for parents with weekly instruction in proper child-training. . . . Women educators of sound doctrine, and religious well prepared, should also be called upon to give such lessons to mothers. So, in girls' schools, a substantial and practical course in infant pedagogy should [be given] in the last year or two." This recalls the words of the encyclical: that parents be regularly instructed "not so much theoretically and generically as practically and particularly [in] their duties one by one regarding the religious, moral and civil education of children, and the most suitable methods for their efficient performance."

How general the adoption of the Teacher-Mother program will be, even among our own people, is, of course, doubtful. It envisages, for one thing, a certain minimum of education and of leisure among parents: requirements which are not universal in the healthiest society, and certainly not in our own. But even short of coming into general use as the norm of pre-primary and primary training, these principles, properly diffused, should act as an incomparable leaven in all our educational and social thinking. They should remind us that, by remaining indifferent to the general destruction of the family's potentiality in the first field, we are conniving at a barbarous wastage, for which there is no compensation. And in the social field they should help us to think true. What will reestablish the family economically we do not know. But we do know that it will never be done unless there is an overwhelming general conviction of the family's rights, its authority, its duties and its special and sacred nature.

WHAT OF THE HUNGER MARCH?

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

SOCIAL revolution has been one of the most important phenomena of the past half-century and one of the least adequately studied in America. We have been too comfortable in the United States to analyze a thing apparently so alien to us. Our own Revolution in 1776 was at least as much a social revolution as it was a political separation from the British Empire. We have forgotten that so completely that it has seemed to us a thing belonging essentially to "the European system"; it has seemed to be a proper and laudable thing for Europeans, an escape from intolerably unjust conditions, but we are frightened, confused and incredulous when it touches us. It is mainly for its supposed remoteness from our own system that many Americans are sympathetic not only to the revolution in Russia, but to the new proletarian dictatorship, and are tolerant of the savagery of Communistic methods of control, as a necessary means (though evil) to a desirable end.

Theory has been laid down in plenty for every shade of Socialism. Revolutionary method, however, has only been perfected since the Bolshevik party has had an opportunity to put into practice the theories laid down by Karl Marx. In the course of that practice a definite procedure has developed, definitely taught and clearly recognizable by those who have followed this evolution at first hand.

Revolutionary science is a branch of practical school learning for those who have set themselves to the problem of destroying capitalism by force and of replacing it by a society based upon the theories of Karl Marx, as modified by Bolshevik experience of what is practically applicable in them and what is not. One of the basically strategic elements of this new revolutionary science is to utilize existing elements of political, economic or racial antagonisms wherever they occur. It is of the utmost importance to the revolutionary strategist to recognize immediately conditions which can be developed into class warfare by organization.

That has been explained nowhere and by no one so clearly, convincingly and authoritatively, as by Trotzky himself in his priceless description of the immediate antecedents of the consolidation of the Bolshevik power, as distinct from the Russian revolution. In a series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* not long ago he described the condition of unemployment, of hunger, of general disorganization following Russia's too great war effort; conditions closely similar

The writer of this extremely timely analysis of what had seemed to be merely rather irrational and fugitive news, is well known as a diplomat and a writer on international affairs. He has been in Russia and during the first stages of the Bolshevik rise to power, met some of the leaders and had an opportunity to see their means of achieving their ends. In their avowed purpose of formulating world-wide revolution, they are employing the same means. What success they will have, will as the writer points out largely be determined by whether general circumstances favor their tactics.—The Editors.

to our present depression. He described the typically bureaucratic attempt of the Russian government to bring an increasingly dangerous situation to a head by deliberately fostering popular outbreak, through the police. The theory was something like that of lancing a boil: to draw the poison rapidly to a head, by artificial stimulation, and then eradicate it by a minor surgical operation once and for all. The activities of the police, however (used as an artificial stimulant), threw the general public definitely against the government and on the side of the harassed unemployed and the desperately hungry minority. Fighting ensued, without organization or definite direction, until, on the point of surrender to armed force, the leaders of the revolution ceded to the Bolshevik strategists who organized victory out of defeat. That, as Trotzky says, is the first rule in the organized process of developing a world-wide "class" revolution, without which Bolshevism must fade off into some other thing, even in its present stronghold.

Obviously there is no such seed-bed ready for the planter in any body of healthy and intelligent citizenship. There is, however, in several classes of society as at present constituted, a field among those who though intelligent are unhealthy in mind or even in body; among those whose minds may be active but who suffer from what our high-school mentality discusses so glibly and importantly as inhibitions. There is a most perfect seed-bed among those who have some racial inhibition, for example, in unassimilated, racially solid groups with a grievance. If a combination can be stimulated of social inferiority and economic suffering, as well as differing race, the essential elements are all ready for the revolutionary scientist.

A very practical study on a small scale was presented to Washington recently by the "hunger march," though it may be doubted that very many observers watched it with any understanding whatever. That lack of observation would be, of course, a definite point scored by scientific revolutionary strategists if they had any part in its organization. According to their teaching, it is undesirable that the people against whom such a movement is directed, should be prematurely alarmed. It is a strategic point scored if they are made to believe that it has been met successfully. To meet a demonstration of this sort truly successfully is, however, a severe tax on government.

It is essential to know not only what kind of people are demonstrating, but the exact grievance requiring

a remedy within the power of government. That exactness is just what the revolutionary strategist desires most earnestly to avoid. He does not want a remedy; he wants a defeat. It is necessary for government on the one hand to consider the dignity of citizenship and the rights of citizens, and on the other to provide against any serious disorder, which it is impossible to do without the police unless one be dealing with responsible leaders, able and willing to accept and exercise authority over the acts of their comrades and followers. From the moment conviction of responsibility is lacking, police supervision is necessary, and another point (that of display of force) is scored by the strategist.

The manner of using the police is of utmost importance and delicacy. As every policeman knows, there is nothing easier for them than to force a man to resist arrest, when the offender is within his legal rights and yet, in the opinion of the policeman, something has to be done about him. In this case the obvious fiction was used of police protection to the marchers. No one was deceived by it, least of all the marchers, as their exit from the District proved. Yet it was the only practical solution of that problem, as things stand in American politics, and it worked satisfactorily in spite of the further point scored by revolutionary scientists—if (again!) the demonstration was organized by them.

In this new science, it scores a point to yield just demands to force. It is an excellent talking point for emotional propaganda. It could now be shown in select revolutionary circles that from the time "the representatives of the starving masses" entered the District and the Maryland state troopers left them, to the time they began their return journey, a policeman was on duty for every marcher. That the police of Washington handled a delicate situation with dignity and skill is unquestionable, but, according to the formula of the science as now taught, it was a display of preventive force; therefore a point scored.

The marchers (it is reported) paid cash for the use of a speaking hall, paid cash again for overtime in its use; were outraged by the quality of the free food given them; gained their point of marching before the Capitol with banners; were refused admission to the White House and returned the way they came.

An inexperienced observer of their proceedings would have noticed a number of puzzling things. After leaving their automobiles in which they arrived, they marched to songs and to the music of a band. The band wore the uniform which has become familiar to those who have seen Russia lately or who knew Russian posters and illustrations. Outside of the "Internationale," which is, of course, international as its title implies, every one of the songs sung by the marchers or played by the band was Russian—the kind that was sung or played twenty-four hours at a stretch in St. Petersburg and Moscow during the revolution and subsequent Bolshevik coup, so that the most

unmusical hearer must remember them, by constant maddening repetition.

The banners proclaimed a wide range of "demands" outside of unemployment and hunger. Besides unemployment insurance, the "right to live," protest against "charity slops," etc., there were anti-"Jim Crow" and anti-lynching banners and others indicating that very frame of mind for which the scientific primers of the new school teach strategists to watch.

It may seem somewhat heartless to describe most of the marchers themselves as human derelicts, yet it is necessary to examine that point dispassionately. The scientific revolutionary strategist is taught to do so, and one of his major assets is that, mostly, we do not. The body of the marchers consisted of such men and women as the strategist is taught to choose for the preliminary demonstrations, before he passes to a more robust type for fighting purposes in the second stage of strategy. Men, women and boys, white and black, all except the file leaders, were true to the preliminary type, hungry, listless, automatic in their movements. The file leaders, white and black, were sturdy, well fed and alert; among the file leaders there was not one white man who was not classed immediately as "foreign" by the people who lined the sidewalks, many of them as unemployed as the marchers. There was nothing that could be definitely indexed as "class" hostility until the departure of the marchers from the District. As they crossed the line into Maryland, resentment against the police broke out, in threats to return in February "with force enough to meet hired thugs."

Looking at it from the special point of view of the Moscow School of Revolutionary Science, it is quite possible (if they should so desire) for the Moscow editors to report a success at Washington. All the elements set down by the rules as necessary to a preliminary "class" skirmish were visibly present, whether actual or not. The first necessary proletarian defeat was a success. As far as the professors of revolutionary strategy are concerned, the experiment at Washington was a perfect laboratory demonstration.

It remains to be seen how democracy will find a solution of the problem.

Before an Outdoor Crucifix

O little blue stiletto of the wind,
You will not wound me in this morning's duel;
Clothed and fed with pleasure and with pride,
I shall not find you cruel.

I have my own bright armor. Yet since you
Wish to remember how the red blood ran,
Upon this cross defenseless and exposed
There hangs a Naked Man.

O little blue stiletto of the wind,
Though you should strike me I would still endure,
But here around the Naked Figure stand
The humble and the poor.

JESSICA POWERS.

REFORMING THE REICH

By MAX JORDAN

GERMANY is still a nation in the making. It is only sixty years since Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," succeeded in unifying the forty German states which existed prior to 1871. When the Reich had been established, there were twenty-six states to make the union, but most of them maintained their individual traditions and their local character with the tenacity typical of the race. The war intensified the movement toward full national unity and strengthened the feeling of solidarity among Prussians, Saxons and Bavarians and all their brethren in the smaller provinces.

Now there are seventeen states linked in a federal system through the republican Constitution of Weimar, but the central authority of the federal government has not increased in proportion with their reduction in number. Every single member of the union has insisted upon its autonomous privileges. The seventeen states have each their own state government and their own Parliament, with a resulting total of 53 state Cabinet members and 1,571 deputies. Add the members of the federal government and the Reichstag deputies and you will find that the 62,500,000 Germans are governed by no less than 65 ministers and 2,148 deputies.

Among the seventeen states, Prussia still holds pre-eminent rank. Her territory covers three-fifths of the total German area, and almost two-thirds of the German population is of Prussian allegiance. This preponderance of what one might call the Empire State of Germany constitutes the main problem in any scheme involving alterations of the structure of German federal unity. Bismarck had provided for a personal union between the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the Reich. Besides, the federal Chancellor was *ex officio* Prime Minister of Prussia. Thus federal and Prussian policy could always be made to coincide. Today, the Reich and the Prussian governments stand face to face to one another as independent entities. The Reich Cabinet has to rely on Prussia's hospitality to the extent that it cannot even require a policeman's services without appealing to the courtesy and goodwill of Prussian authorities. The residence and offices of President von Hindenburg are right across the street from the headquarters of the Prussian Cabinet, but there is no interdependence between the two executives. The Reich prides itself on eleven government departments. Prussia can show no less than eight. And in the majority of instances there is an obvious duplication of the bureaucratic apparatus at the expense of the taxpayer with a resulting deficiency in practical results.

All these are deplorable handicaps enough, but even worse is the embarrassment from the divergencies that arise automatically whenever the party alignments in

the Reich and in Prussia differ in fundamental respects. Repeatedly in the past few years conflicts arose when antagonistic political groups had come into control of either government, and the sad spectacle was then shown to the world of the very German capital being split into two camps, with the federal executives left to the mercy of state officials and three-fifths of the whole country governed by dissenting opinions—as though a private company were managed by two boards of directors, one of them in charge of the whole, the other of three-fifths of the business, with no common program to ensure unity of action.

A typical instance was the complaint entered some months ago by the diplomatic representative of Persia in Berlin on account of a Persian college student who abused German hospitality by publishing a weekly devoted to the most violent propaganda against his own government. The German Foreign Office was quite willing to accede to the Persian request and have the disagreeable publication stopped. But it had to appeal to the Prussian Department of the Interior and to the Berlin Police where Social Democrats are in control. Both these departments refused at first to act because they were personally not in sympathy with the despotic government of the shah. Thus the conduct of a determined foreign policy of the Reich was hindered by the lack of coöperation on the part of state officials. Its object could only be achieved after protracted negotiations and after Persia had gone so far as almost to break off diplomatic relations.

Outside of Prussia the situation appears no less intricate. Laws which are not adopted with a federal scope must be confirmed by the individual states. Then seventeen different parliaments are called upon to discuss the same details which ought to have been fully disposed of by the Reichstag. Even foreign affairs are occasionally the object of ponderous debates in the diets of Bavaria, Wuerttemberg or Saxony, and the federal government shows enough deference to the requirements of provincial autonomy to keep in close touch with the individual states whenever major actions in the field of diplomacy or high finance are being contemplated.

In the field of public finances the costly duplication of administrative efforts is even more evident. With few exceptions, taxes are collected by the Reich, but the states claim their shares, as they have been left responsible for schools, police, justice and local administration. The luxury of such methods might be tolerable, if not reasonable, in times of normal prosperity. Today the states are staggering under the burden of indebtedness, and drastic measures of economy through a unification of the civil service and the elimination of all superfluous bureaucracies have become imperative.

The size of the task can best be demonstrated by looking at a colored map of the Reich. Were there only seventeen sectors, one joining the other, one might easily acquaint oneself with the structure of the country. But except for Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wuerttemberg, Baden and Thuringia, the land seems torn up into a maze of small areas with no guiding principle of racial or political unity. Some two hundred miles south of the Prussian border, for instance, there is the tiny Prussian province of Hohenzollern, all closed in by its neighbors, Baden and Wuerttemberg. The famous Benedictine Arch-abbey of Beuron, which is situated in its very heart, is thus under Prussian administration although most of its members are Southerners.

Birkenfeld is another case in point. This diminutive territory is situated in the neighborhood of the Sarre Basin. Yet it belongs politically to the state of Oldenburg far up north! There are some fifty-five thousand Birkenfeld citizens who pride themselves on a special provincial government made up of eighty officials. Birkenfeld deputies are elected at regular intervals to the Oldenburg diet, and they have to travel back and forth a distance of twelve hours by train from Birkenfeld to the Oldenburg mother country.

There are no less than 181 similar instances in Germany of "exclaves" and "enclaves" spread in between the larger areas as though the frontiers had been drawn by a chess-player rather than according to the exigencies of modern administration. Thus it becomes possible that a village like Reine is cut in half by the frontiers of Lippe-Detmold and Prussia. Two mayors have to look after the well-being of the 300 inhabitants, one on behalf of Prussia, the other on behalf of Lippe. There is no school in Reine, but there are schools in the neighboring Prussian and Lippe territories. Children of Prussian parentage have to walk a mile every morning to Reinerbeck, while all Lippe offspring must cover twice that distance to Boesingfeld. Evenings and Sundays both the Prussian and the Lippean youth are peacefully reunited under their Reine roofs.

In spite of the many absurdities caused by the prevailing federal structure, the individual states have so far insisted on their prerogatives. It is true that the Prime Minister of Bavaria is of Prussian origin, that the state President of Hesse was born in Bremen, that his colleague in Thuringia is a full-fledged Prussian. It is also true that, for instance, in Baden, of the eighty-eight members of the state Diet, twenty-four, or exactly one-fourth, are "foreign," i.e., non-Badish people. But the distinctions are still jealously maintained between the seventeen units, as though disunity and provincialism were prerequisites of German vitality.

Curiously enough the fiction of multiplicity is upheld even to the extent of a formal diplomatic apparatus for interstate relationships. It is as though every German had to confess to a double national conscience. When going abroad, he is, of course, looked upon as a citizen of the Reich. At home, he finds that he can be a Prussian or a Wuerttemberger or a Thuringian, but under

no circumstances a German. His passport is made out to him accordingly. So we are not surprised at seeing individual German states maintaining formal diplomatic relations with one another. Bavaria and Hesse both abolished their Berlin legations only a few weeks ago. Prussia, too, has now recalled her minister in Munich. Yet, there are still no less than eleven legations of German states in Berlin whose chiefs are accredited to the Prussian government. Even between the neighboring states of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg there existed a formal diplomatic interchange until very recently, although Munich and Stuttgart are only three and a half rail hours distant one from the other.

Slowly, most of these interstate ministries will be given up under the pressure of the economic stringencies to which all provincial governments are now subjected. But there still remains the incredible institution of a domestic consular service. There are, for instance, Prussian consular officers in Hamburg, Bremen and Luebeck, apparently for the sole purpose of issuing passports to Prussian subjects resident in those cities who plan going overseas. So that the privilege may not be limited to the Prussians, Bavaria and Baden have appointed their consuls general, Saxony and Wuerttemberg their consuls, for that port. There even exists a Bavarian consul general in the tiny state of Oldenburg and a consul from Wuerttemberg in Dresden! Which by no means makes the list complete.

The stage has about been reached where the consensus of responsible public opinion in Germany, irrespective of party allegiances, is in favor of adopting radical measures for the remapping of the country. Chancellor Bruening is known to be strongly in favor of merging the federal and Prussian bureaucracies as a first step in the right direction. An organization known as the League for the Renewal of the Reich, in whose board some of the outstanding leaders in the fields of politics, business and education are united beyond all party creeds, advocates the amalgamation of the minor northern and middle-German states with Prussia and the abolishment of all the territorial "enclaves" by re-drawing the frontiers according to the natural interests of the different population units.

If this were possible, there would be only five states left: a "Reich State" (comprising Prussia, Hesse, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Thuringia, Anhalt, Brunswick, Hamburg, Bremen, Luebeck, Lippe and Schaumburg-Lippe), Bavaria, Wuerttemberg, Saxony and Baden. But it is well understood that to reach this ultimate goal, a great many obstacles must still be overcome. It is at least one beneficial result of the economic depression that it has given a new impetus to the movement for the "Reich reform," no matter how insuperable these obstacles may appear to be. Rationalization of the government apparatus has become an imperative task. A reformed, more unified federal structure of the Reich would eventually bring about the fulfilment of Bismarck's ideal: to make a nation out of the German people.

THE DANGERS OF 1932

By DON C. SEITZ

A SPRIGHTLY weekly, the *News*, published at Conway, in Faulkner County, Arkansas, comes to me bearing this menacing message:

As long as the thirteen Southern states are a part of the Union, the Eighteenth Amendment will never be repealed. This is an emancipation of the nation by the South from the evil of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. Let's continue, therefore, to have a "Solid South" for the benefit of all of the people, especially our women and children.

This would appear to reflect the general attitude of the South, solidly Democratic since freed from the clutches of Reconstruction, and ever sectional. It is full of political dangers that are likely to show themselves as forcefully in 1932 as did another form of sectionalism in 1860, should certain things occur that are obviously threatened.

Without the South, the Democratic party is too weak to carry a national election. Should it chance, as is most probable, that Herbert Hoover will be re-nominated by the Republicans, he is most likely to stand upon a dry platform. It will be good policy for him to do so. The Northern element in charge of Democratic machinery is decidedly wet. The elements favoring repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment look toward the democracy for support. With the South splitting off on dry grounds, we have duplicated the situation that existed when slavery brought on secession. This time the revolt will be due in the North.

It is well to remind the nation that Abraham Lincoln, whose memory has become sacred as the Great Emancipator, was a plurality President. This situation was produced by the bolting South which refused to follow Stephen A. Douglas with his "popular sovereignty" ideas, and named John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who received 72 electoral votes though getting but 850,082 in the balloting. Douglas, with a popular vote of 1,291,574, had but 12 electors. The winning Lincoln captured 180. Out of his success, impossible but for the action of the South, came the Civil War. He was in the minority 930,170. Bell, the Union candidate, polled 648,124 votes and had 39 electors.

For sixty years, until Alfred E. Smith became the Democratic candidate, the South held to Democracy. It refused to support a Catholic and a wet in 1928. It will not support any wet Democrat in 1932. How then is the burning issue of nation-wide prohibition to get before the country for a fair test at the ballot-box? What will be the consequences if it does not? Must the North be found helpless by the Southern sectionalists? This is a grave question, deserving serious attention, which the slavery situation did not receive.

Curiously, in taking this position the South unblushingly abandons its states' rights attitude which it main-

tained as to slavery. Sovereign states could do as they pleased regarding sumptuary laws. Instead they tie the nation to their prohibitory purposes, and now insist on keeping the chain intact. Thus hampered, the states of the North lose their rights and the South prefers not to have any. It is a ridiculous as well as an anomalous condition. The misuse of the constitution in this instance is fraught with peril to the republic.

Under the constitution, slavery could not have been abolished save by amendment. This was not threatened. The right invoked was that of extending the evil to new territory. Unless this could be done, the South felt that its political potentiality was at stake. It was the fear of losing this, not their black chattels, that produced the bolt from the Democratic National Convention, with all its terrible consequences. Even then, after the South was beaten, the constitution had to be amended to secure the legal abolition of slavery. This was done while the South was underfoot, and was opposed by many leading Democrats in Congress.

Political power must provide the means of removing objectionable legislation. To call a country free where one section unites against another, is absurd. Yet this is what has now happened. Is the North to have no way of escaping from what it has come to believe was a great economic mistake, in order that the cross-roads doggery may not demoralize colored labor in the South? Are the great cosmopolitan cities to be made perpetually the prey of the bootlegger and his concomitants, the gangster and the racketeer? These are not idle questions. Discontent is widely apparent; helplessness will soon become so, and with pronounced irritation as its concurrent.

Add to this the discomforts of depression and disgust at corporate power in politics and we have a state of things that bids pause. The cities are in revolt. A super-government manipulated from Washington is weakly endeavoring to enforce the Volstead Act. Speakeasies swarm, unmolested by the police save in so far as they may exact pay for protection, which they cannot insure. The director of dry enforcement has recently numbered the speakeasies of the nation at 220,000. In doing this he is willing to believe that the total is nearer 500,000! In making his computation he credits the South with but 2,200 of these popular luxuries, but explains that these have been added to the old supply of illicit stills, which he is too tactful to estimate!

I write as one who is personally dry but politically wet. It is most definitely apparent that the issue must come to a test, and if again defeated by Southern contumacy, the Democratic party may as well go out of business—to make way for what? Socialism and Communism loom. Unrest is in the air. It cannot be cured

by solidifying one section of the country against another. The remedy lies deeper. Political devices for governing the government have been perverted out of shape. They must be restored to fit democratic notions of liberty and the privileges of the individual.

The world still smolders. England, the great safeguard, has been compelled by the mistake of entering the World War to make greater ones. She will have a hard time overcoming the results of new policies by taking a position inside of tariff walls, forced upon her largely by the United States. We, in turn, have tossed away to the rural fanatics the liberties of the cities, thereby taking on risks that may be mortal.

The illicit liquor interest has become enormous and powerful. Its profits reach into the hundreds of millions. It does not want to see the dry law repealed. Making no open contributions to the government, it gives a partial return for the cost of enforcement, in fines. Of late the government has been content to compound felony by collecting huge sums through the operation of the income tax law. That this money has been earned by crime is a matter of no legal moment under a decision by Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, often heralded as a "liberal." Your Uncle Samuel, therefore, cares nothing for the source of his income so long as he gets the money. Moral considerations have become nil. The bootlegger's constitutional plea that he is not called upon to incriminate himself by reporting the source of his income, has been swept aside.

From mysterious sources come large sums to keep the dry agitators in the field. Judging by the efforts put forth, these do not admit that prohibition exists. Washington is made the headquarters with the bullying of Congress in mind. The energetic Methodists there maintain a Board of Temperance and Public Morals at 100 Maryland Avenue, N. E. It uses pages in the several *Christian Advocates* for funds to sustain this platform:

The liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the home, to the church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude toward it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalized without sin.

All of which may be granted with the remedy yet unprovided. Indeed some strange elements have appeared toward the relief of our ignoble thirst for strong waters. Pages of space are taken in New York newspapers to advertise cruises that run for short turns outside of the twelve-mile limit, beyond which the waves are free. We fought once to make this limitation three miles, but have had to impinge on international law in behalf of aridity. The vessels used are not little tubs but the finest liners in the transatlantic service which are compelled to do duty between voy-

ages. The trips have proven so popular that special fleets are under promise. The West Indies have become a haven for the thirsty. Even modest little Bermuda has developed business enough to warrant the construction of an \$8,000,000 liner to speed folks over the 600 miles between her shores and those of the United States. People who cannot afford the sea trips must rely upon bath-tub gin.

The dry West has developed a new wrinkle. Shipments of molasses are now sent forward in tank barges from the refineries of sugar near New York to be distributed by motor-tanks throughout the West distant from the waterways of the Great Lakes. Whisper it softly: Some of it goes to Kansas!

Letter from the House of the Exile

I have entered the house that does not know thee: neither thy word nor thy presence.

I have stood in the house that does not know thee, and I have felt fear that this is an house neither of thy word nor of thy presence.

On entering the house, I have felt: none shall call, none shall speak, and the bread broken shall taste of stone. I have felt: there shall be in this house neither thy word, neither a token of thy word as a flower put—so, as a token that the silence of the house has been bespoken of thee serenely to relate thy manifold presences, and I should return.

Thus have I stood long in the house, knowing no word has been left in the air for such speech as silence has, and it have one to speak of; hearing no sound but the echo of mine own sigh on rising that comes of the knowing of this house as a house neither of thy presence nor any token thereof.

Thus have I stood, thus have I gone, as before, to see from the windows of the house trees black and unleaved on the black of night, and the light, pale, of arclights behind them, and the paths glittering coldly with rain. So have I stood, again as before, my house a cold estate bespeaking nothing of thee against the cold night, the cold return; seeing mine estate an estate of cold, and the streets bold with rain whence I came. Thus have I stood, and standing thus, this has been mine estate: earth bitter with winter rain.

* * *

Wherefore I write thee: I have seen thee in another country, another scene, another season, the earth grown green to each step of our feet, and each branch come wonderfully a-song with birds that each sighted to each.

Wherefore these lines: I see again the lights on the river, but there is no need to turn, saying, "See; there are lights on the river."

Wherefore I write: this night I have seen again lights on the river, and said to an empty house, "See; there are lights." And none has said, in this silence: "The earth were bitter with rain before, on these nights. Now! see; there are lights!"

Wherefore I write: and thou be far, how shall I find in mine house else but a man of bitter flesh and bitter sense (not sweet because of thee) to give, onetime, to earth?

Wherefore I write: earth now is bitter with a winter rain, again as once before.

RAYMOND ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

Places and Persons

MR. HENRY HEIDE: IN MEMORIAM

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE ART of giving requires a great generosity and cultivation of soul. From the vantage-point of his knowledge of human nature, Shakespeare knew that charity must bless both him who gives and him who takes. It was La Bruyère's canny insight into men which led him to formulate the maximum: "Giving with bad grace is boorishness; since the most important and the most difficult thing is to give, why shrink back from adding a smile?" The Christian attitude is stated perfectly in one of the little read but incomparably fine Epistles of Saint Peter:

And you, employing all care, minister in your faith, virtue;
and in virtue, knowledge;
And in knowledge, abstinence; and in abstinence, patience;
And in patience, godliness; and in godliness, love of
brotherhood;
And in love of brotherhood, charity.

Mr. Henry Heide, whose death in New York on December 13 brought a memento of gratitude to the lips of thousands in many parts of the world, may be said to have mastered the rules of Christian giving with almost unparalleled skill. He had become a very rich man, after a business career of the most exciting and romantic kind. Born in Obermarsberg, Westphalia, Germany, on October 24, 1846, Mr. Heide came to the United States as a youth of twenty and began in a modest way to sell and then make confectionery. From rented lofts in out-of-the-way places, he eventually moved into the large factories now associated with the Heide name. How much energy was required to initiate and conduct so large a business need not be said. But Mr. Heide always seemed to have plenty of time for his large family, for his historical and other intellectual interests and for the philanthropic endeavors to which he was to devote himself so energetically.

Charity was for him the dictate of a Catholic faith to which his nature was loyal with a simple directness not often seen. Possibly this was in part a Westphalian inheritance (which the present German Chancellor, Dr. Bruening, also shares). A somewhat temperamental Catholic historian once addressed his Westphalian brethren as follows: "Charlemagne was obliged to slay many of your forefathers before they would profess Christianity; today you would prefer to be slain rather than to apostatize." Yet there was also his simple, kindly, exquisitely courteous personality, which seems to have reminded many who knew him of Dr. Lorenz, the illustrious Viennese surgeon whose gentleness is as much remembered throughout the world as is his remarkable skill. Thus he became one who personified giving in the sense defined by Saint Peter, but

who was perennially conscious of those qualities so rightly insisted upon by Shakespeare and La Bruyère.

On the testimony of one who knew him intimately, Mr. Heide had early decided to give as much as he could—not to stop with distributing his income, but actually to share with the poor a great portion of the capital amassed during a life-time. This cut deep into his resources, as a matter of course; and a year before his death he had to curtail benefactions he had been in the habit of making because he literally lacked the means with which to make them. In New York City his activities were chiefly associated with the St. Vincent de Paul Society and with Catholic Charities. These he served personally, with advice and coöperation, as well as with money. But the list of his minor benefactions, could it be drawn up, would include virtually every worth-while activity that has asked for financial help. THE COMMONWEAL, for its part, is abidingly grateful to him for assistance given before its own career was safely launched and continued steadily thereafter.

Mr. Heide's historic opportunity came, however, with the close of the World War and the impoverishment of his native land. When the Central Relief Committee was organized to send food and supplies to millions of utterly impoverished families, he undertook a lion's share of the effort. Many thousands of people throughout Central Europe owe to him their rescue from starvation and despair. To what extent this action has been appreciated in Germany is shown by the fact that the German Republic, through its President, paid honors to Mr. Heide which no other American has received. In a very particular way, of course, he came to the assistance of the Catholic Church in the Fatherland. Believing that the bishops were in the best position to know where alms could be given most advantageously, he sent yearly gifts to all the sees. When the present writer visited Germany he had occasion to see both some of the effects of this generosity and some of the appreciation which it had called forth. Above the writing-desk of the Cardinal Archbishop of Breslau, primate of the Church in Germany and at the same time pastor of one of the most harassed dioceses in the country, there hung the portrait of Mr. Heide. Of him the aged cardinal spoke in words which evoked the whole panorama of a misery which only the steady tide of money from America had, in a measure, changed to conform with the fundamental dictates of Christianity.

This charitable effort was recognized and commended by the Papacy, which twice honored the great American. To quote from the *Catholic News*:

On May 28, 1914, on the recommendation of Cardinal Farley, the saintly Pope Pius X made Henry Heide a Knight of St. Gregory, and on July 1, 1923, the present Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, conferred on Mr. Heide the very distinguished honor of Knighthood in the Order of Pius IX, one of the highest honors that the Pope can bestow upon a layman, and one that was seldom if ever conferred upon any other American. This high papal honor came to Mr. Heide with the hearty approval of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who, in writing his approval, stated that he knew of no one more worthy of receiving such a high honor than Mr. Heide. The papal brief stated that the high honor came to Mr. Heide in recognition of his general merit and particularly for his generous assistance to the suffering people of Central Europe.

During the course of his association with so much relief work of many kinds, Mr. Heide learned to formulate what might be termed a "philosophy of giving." He estimated appeals by three tests: whether or not the work could be considered permanently valuable; whether or not the persons administering it could be thought honest and efficient; whether or not the amount to be raised would be adequate enough to forestall continued demands to which the public would grow progressively more indifferent. Quite naturally he was also particularly interested in Catholic projects, believing that these had less chance to appeal to a wide public and that, therefore, they most needed his help.

But he was in no sense of the term a recluse. Few other men possessed so much ability and tact in dealing with non-Catholic groups, by whom his point of view was relished and esteemed.

Over and above this was the "personal note" which accompanied all his gifts. This has been excellently summed up, as follows, by Mr. Victor Ridder, who saw so much of Mr. Heide and his work during many years:

When he made a contribution he put more into it than dollars. There are men who, when they give, make you feel they are giving because they have to—as a kind of tribute to the cause you represent. But Mr. Heide always attached courtesy to his dollars. You realized that when he gave he was, indeed, paying "tribute" in Caesar's coin, but that it was "tribute" to God.

Stewardship he knew and understood, as few men have.

Such was the man whom prelates and simple folk joined to honor in his death. Literally from every part of the world came tributes to his memory, thank-offerings for his well-remembered generosity. To them all we now wish to add our modest declaration of respect. He lived of the faith, for the faith, and by the faith. For this reason there was in him no meanness or narrowness, "but always a spirit of loving kindness, such as his folk had seldom seen."

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURAL LAW

By JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY

IN THE utterly irrational state of mind at which this world seems now to have arrived, the most incredible events are suffered to pass without remark while the obvious is daily greeted with cries of amazement. Thus in the *Forum* recently, Mr. George N. Shuster of THE COMMONWEAL has quoted somebody or other as saying that the most astonishing thing about the present crisis is the patience of the American working class in enduring the horrors of wholesale pauperization. I had thought that the patience of the poor under provocation was a matter of common observation for a good many centuries. In another, though milder crisis, a hundred and fifty odd years ago, attention was called to the tendency of mankind to "suffer ills while ills are sufferable," and the words, I had believed, were impressed upon every American schoolboy.

Anyway, what to my mind is at least as remarkable as the patience of the unemployed with their sorry lot, is their patience with those who vainly theorize about it. As one of many million subjects of this theorizing, I have myself a bone to pick with those moralists who represent what is sometimes called the Catholic social teaching. To find these gentlemen so unanimously agreed as to the nature and cause of our ills, and so utterly silent as to the means of curing them, is a

little more than irritating. There is scant satisfaction in knowing that these matters were better ordered in the middle ages. It is a singularly ineffectual answer to make to hungry children. If nothing more than this is to come of theorizing, it were surely better to have heeded to admonition of the Preacher: "Say not thou, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' For thou does not inquire wisely concerning this!"

If it is really true that the modern issue is drawn between Communism and Catholicism (one is reminded of Dean Inge's bitter phrase about the "red international" and the "black international"), it is also true that, up to this point, the Catholic moralists have had at least as fair a hearing and, column for column, as good a press as the Marxists. Moreover, they have had the advantage of speaking from premises that were widely accepted and—what the historical and philosophical premises of Marxism are not—widely understood. Converting unemployed workmen to the theory of living wages and the desirability of owning property should be as easy and, it almost seems, as gratuitous a job as converting cows to vegetarianism. And this would be necessarily so, if, as their great expositor, Pope Leo XIII, has claimed, such things are part of the natural order.

It is only when it comes to the all-important question of action that the Communists have the advantage. But what an advantage it is! They know the next move—and the next and the next. They leave no doubt as to what they would do or will do, if or when the opportunity to power comes within grasping distance. One advantage of a class war is that, like any other war, it necessitates a strategy and distinguishes the combatants almost as visibly as though they wore uniforms—which, indeed, is even now almost the case. On the other hand, any question to Catholics of what battles they propose to fight, and what enemies they propose to assail, meets with a confused or equivocal answer. And yet, seeing that no small number of Catholics now occupy places of tremendous strategic importance, the question seems certainly a fair one.

One sympathizes with intelligent Catholics like Mr. Shuster, who, harassed by their own logic, are forced to reply that the business of the Church, as such, is not the solution of economic dilemmas but the salvation of souls. I say one sympathizes, but the position seems none the more tenable for that. Whether it was the Church as “a corporation of souls” or as the mere “body of the faithful”—to use Mr. Shuster’s phrases—that inspired the Crusades, squelched the Albigenses, rallied Europe against the Turk, the fact remains that these things were done. Coming back to the present, if it is plain that, as a matter of faith or morals—and Pope Pius XI is nowhere plainer than on this point—Socialism and Catholicism are irreconcilable, it is equally plain, as a matter of common sense, that Catholicism and capitalism are no less inimical to one another.

One need go no farther than to cite the Catholic teaching on marriage, which is surely *de fide*. Will anyone urge that the tendencies of capitalist society have not rendered Christian marriage difficult for all and literally impossible for hundreds of thousands; or that the point is not within sight when it will become impossible for the great majority? Is there a moralist so complacent that he cannot see the irony of warning a father who has helplessly watched the gates of an institution close upon his children that he must “preserve the sanctities of family life”? I am pleased at any rate to note the words of Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., that “parents who find it impossible to house a family of eight or ten in two or three rooms are not to be dealt with merely by strident references to the doom of Onan.” And he has had the wisdom to perceive and the courage to say that “celibacy within wedlock is too abnormal a state to be counseled by wise social or moral teachers”—something that seems to have escaped his austerer American brethren, whose quarrel with Mrs. Sanger seems to be not so much one of aims as of methods.

Some time ago I saw somewhere the published letter of a Capuchin Friar in reply to someone who had lamented the abandonment of the original Franciscan ideal of poverty. If I remember correctly, he said,

that while the Capuchins were eager and anxious to practise the true gospel of the *Poverello*, it was practically impossible under the conditions of industrial civilization. It is surely an odd state of affairs when Capuchins cannot find the embrace of Lady Poverty and millions of rachitic children can by no means escape it.

A good many times in the last fortnight I have read the remarkable papal preachment that is usually called “*Rerum Novarum*.” At each reading the implications of that lucid and closely reasoned document seemed to me more radical than before. Implicitly, I should say, “*Rerum Novarum*” is a far more revolutionary work than either “*Progress and Poverty*” or the Communist Manifesto. It is impossible not to read into it an implicit condemnation of virtually every important social tendency in the United States within the last fifty years—of, for instance, the metaphysics of corporation practice, of efficiency systems, of feminism, of national advertising, instalment selling, syndicated shop-keeping and the whole ideology of mass production, and of virtually every other phase of the “progress” that has delivered all but a negligible fraction of the real wealth of the nation into an almost infinitesimal number of hands. In attacking the doctrine of monopoly and in calling for the division and re-division of real property into small holdings, the late Pontiff is necessarily urging the antithesis of the capitalist or, if you prefer, the servile state—a village culture, with distributed rather than concentrated population, with consumption, for the most part, somewhere near the scene of production, and with an ideal of security, permanence and possession rather than one of ephemeral living standards. I need not point out that this is the note on which such redoubtable Catholics as Belloc and Chesterton have been dinning for a good many years.

Now then, I think one can be forgiven for asking how far these implications—and remember they are implied from principles which are said to be part of the natural law—are binding upon wealthy and powerful Catholics closely identified with the servile state. How is it possible to insist upon the letter of certain phases of the natural law and permit others to be accepted merely, as the diplomats say, “in principle”? Grant it is right to tell a poor devil who cannot feed, clothe and house his existing family in any decency that the natural law forbids him to interfere with the increase of his burdens. Is he not justified in demanding whether, since it is also the natural law that he should have work and wages, any artificial interference with them is not also immoral? And whether collusive assent to a system, or rather to a chaos, which so signally denies those rights does not constitute an interference? Since I am not a moralist, I do not know the answer to these questions. But have no doubt they are being asked.

On a rather different score, M. Julien Benda has pointedly reproached modern ecclesiastic teachers for

sacrificing universals for particulars. In the present case I think the charge might well be inverted. It has been said of Lenin that to him a million corpses one way or the other mattered nothing in the translation of a Marxian idea from the abstract to the actual. Will it take a million corpses before so simple an abstraction as work and wages is made real? For the great trouble with jewels of abstract wisdom is, that if you try eating them, you will strangle. "Command that these precious stones . . ."

But on looking up the words, whose context had somehow slipped me, I find them in the mouth of the devil! Perhaps, after all, it is a game of "heads we win, tails you lose!"

MARY IS ALMOST SIXTEEN

By HESTER CLARE DIGNAN

EACH time I visit a new art gallery, or attend a young painter's first showing, I renew my hope of finding a picture to hang just inside my front door. I want a picture of a nun looking at the sea. To me that would represent perfectly the serenity I desire to reign within my house, within my life.

So often we hear of the grandeur of the peasant woman with her feet planted in the soil from which she draws her sustenance. But her calm is a physical thing—merely the healthy assurance of a splendid animal. The calm of a religious, on the other hand, is a mental and spiritual triumph. It is hard to remember when we hear her hushed and lovely voice and enjoy the unbroken rhythm of her patient hands, that she was recruited from this same restless world in which we live. Surely for her has the promise been fulfilled, "My peace I give you—My peace, which is not of this world."

But what is she to us, who are entirely of the world—who can never hope nor perhaps desire to view life as she does, without rancor, without fear, without excitement? I think she is the salvation of our growing daughters. These vivid creatures are maturing in a country which has begun to be old. It is ridiculous now to talk of "this wonderful new land of ours." Columbia is fast and not entirely gracefully becoming just another shrewd old matron who sits in with her neighbors for a hand at the cards of war, or bargains sharply with them at the great markets.

Her sophistication means sophistication for our young people. The first faint yellowish dawning of a decadent age is in our east. There is so much less physical labor for everyone; so much more leisure. When men misuse their leisure, the progress of the country is halted; when women misuse leisure, national home life is in jeopardy.

The present generation of middle-aged women are wastrels with their leisure. For them, however, there is great excuse. They are the first generation of women to grow old with driving licenses in their pockets; they are the first to be emancipated by a score of electrical devices from much household drudgery. Their portion of ease was so very niggardly in their youth that now they are "beggars on horseback," riding fast. In excusing them, however, I have no wish to praise them; or to lose sight of the fact that they make miserable examples for their growing daughters.

There is much adverse criticism of the young girl of today. Her manners and morals are dissected daily by bridge club, pul-

pit and press. All I find wrong with her is that she is trying to do too much. She is trying to catch up with man at his own pursuits. Of course restlessness is a vital characteristic of youth. The onward march of civilization is maintained not by the peacefulness of old men, but by the fierce urge of young men to be up and doing. Let the boys be rebels—but not the girls. Only unhappiness lies ahead for the girl who is of too restive a spirit.

For is not all of woman's life just waiting? The modern miss who runs about hunting up young men, in reality waits just as long for a husband as did her grandmother. And grandmother did it so much more gracefully. Then after she has married, today's young matron, for all her nervous drumming of sport-hardened fingers, cannot hurry nature one minute in producing her children. After the baby has arrived, the need for patience multiplies a hundredfold. If the young mother has no money, she must be with her child all the time. If she has plenty of money, she still must realize that she dare not trust her child entirely to hired care.

Slowly children grow up. Then what becomes of our heroine's life? Her sons, her married daughters, are gone from her. The success of her life with them will largely depend upon the patience she shows in waiting for them to come to her with their little stories of triumph and disaster, and in not seeking them out to interfere with their adult lives. So in all the large processes of her life, a woman must wait for things to happen. In the details of her life she must have patience as well. She waits each day for her husband's return; she waits for the children to come from school.

Waiting, waiting, waiting. To what in fact do we owe the exquisite development of needlecraft through the course of civilization? Not half so much to the desire for fine things as to the waiting lives of women. Sewing is expressive of womanhood. Men read as they wait, or play at games, because their moments of leisure are usually completely relaxed; but women's waiting is always for the coming of someone or something. And sewing occupies only the hands and a very shallow portion of the brain, leaving the rest free for that gentle brooding concern which forms the greatest part of woman's mental life.

Do I seem to belittle woman's mentality by what I have just written? Far from it. Women have thought out ways to make leaders of their sons; thought out plans of attack for their warrior husbands; dreamed glorious temples for their brothers to raise from the stones they themselves could not lift. So many, many of the lasting things that men have fashioned were first the visions of women.

The tone of the home depends upon the serenity of the woman within it. Meditative thought, which is one of the truly fine performances of the mind, and spiritual faith in the future, which is the strongest hope of troubled times like these, are in the minds, the souls, of gentle women nurtured into strong tangible forces which carry through many a crisis.

Our sixteen-year-old girl today—what has she of serenity? Not a whit. Yet we know for a certainty that she must learn to be placid if she is to have a happy married life. We know that she must acquire the habit of enjoying hours and days and months of inactivity. And withal we look on undisturbed as she expends her youth forming habits of the most unbridled restlessness.

You well may say, "How can we rear girls in serenity today?" Their own mothers are gadding about. Their teachers, no longer poorly-paid, quiet, scholarly persons whose chief joy in life is the earnest administration of their office, are today worldly-minded women who often bitterly dislike their work

but endure it for the generous compensation it offers. Thus only restless women surround the growing girl.

What place, then, is left to her in which to learn content of spirit? Only, it seems to me, the convent school. The only group of women who have successfully remained out of keeping with the times are the Catholic religious. Go into some convent garden tomorrow morning. You will find no clipped hedges or artificial rock-gardens, but fuchsias, four-o'clocks and great clusters of lilies for Our Lady's altar. In like manner search into the mind of a nun. You will find no brand-new notions or half-thought-out theories, but a vast crop of humble thoughts growing soundly close to the ground.

It is not that a nun is an unambitious person. On the contrary, ambition is perhaps stronger in her than in most women because she has not the thousand distractions of the world of fun and fashion to weaken it. But her ambition is very sane. She is not restless with a desire to do something no other woman has ever done; her highest aim is to perform just a little better the centuries-old tasks of her order. This requires not meteoric flares of daring but calm, continued efforts. Such a life must bring serenity.

A nun is also calm by discipline. The first law of the cloister is self-control. The Sister does not live, I wager, whom the first months of her novitiate did not find stifling outbursts of rage against the unyielding dictates of her superiors. She was once just such a wilful lass as your daughter and mine. But discipline devised long ago when all the world was more stern has made her meek.

Why not let her teach our daughters to be meek? All young creatures are imitators. The most universal act of adolescent psychology is hero or heroine worship. Can you not remember a time in your own life when the universe revolved around one solitary person? His opinions, his principles, his ideals, as well as his most insignificant mannerisms, were yours. Your daughter is no different. She either apes the fascinating Mrs. Chettridge whom she admires at the country club, or that greenish-faced art teacher who is said to live so unconventionally during the summer holidays. Why not give her a heroine worthy of the name? The Catholic nun is just the person to fire the imagination of a young girl, for she is surrounded by an aura of romance. Her mediaeval costume, the aloofness of her life, the ever-present realization that she has consecrated her life to an ideal, all place her on the heights where heroes and heroines should dwell. She is "of such stuff as dreams are made of." Leave your daughter with her for a little while. See if she does not come home at the end of the first semester with a gentler voice, more quiet ways.

Those will be the first changes you will notice. Later you will find that she has built up an inner self which is gloriously independent of these times and manners. For she will have dwelt in a house that is magnificently simple. She will have been taught to make the very most of her womanhood, but never to step outside it. Then let her go to make her home in the most fantastic of modern communities and consort with the most bizarre of our present-day young matrons—and she will remain spiritually aloof. Through intimate association she knows that those gentlewomen in black whom she left busy at their obscure but vital tasks are the real women, and that these others are but mannequins of fashion, made to walk back and forth a little while before a rude world, and so soon to be replaced by others. When they knock upon her door and bid her come quickly to join the mad parade, she will only smile a little and tell them that she has much sewing to do. And she will croon softly over her sewing, as happy women have done for centuries.

THE DUNSMOW FLITCH

By EUGENE A. MORAN

A WAY back in the first years of the twelfth century, down in Essex, in England, in the village of Dunsmow, which was under the control and patronage of one Sir William Fitz-Walter, there was a monastery under the rule of a prior, called Dunsmow Priory. At the head of the good brotherhood was Prior Boewulf, a man of simple experience with humans, but with a strong leaning toward "uplift." He had been married before he went into the monastery, and had had experiences of life. Thus with a desire to promote happiness in those who had been betrayed into the married state, he let it be known, with the permission of Sir William, that any two married people who could come to the priory, and kneeling on two stones at the gate, and honestly swearing that they had lived together for one year without a quarrel or a cross word between them, should be presented with a flitch of bacon for the man and a broom for the woman, with which to sweep away all care.

Of course the noise of this offer was quickly spread abroad, and many couples, prepared to swear anything, came to the priory to swear to their own virtue, and to take away the prize of the smoked pig-side.

But pig-meat was dear, and old Prior Boewulf began to be suspicious, and well he might be; for as said above, he had been a married man before he became a monk, and as for that matter, most of the monks had (as was the pleasant custom of that time) been married men who had escaped from squabbling to sanctity; and so the old prior decided to appoint a jury from the brotherhood to look into the matter of the claims of the truly good Darbys and Joans. And at once pig-meat became more plentiful within the holy walls, while without, the cost of living began to show the effects of the immutable law of supply and demand; and behold, a great sadness fell upon the worthy people of the countryside. Perhaps four or five times in a century a married pair was found who were adjudged to have earned the flitch of bacon. Since those days, although the priory is no more, the custom has been kept up in Dunsmow, and even within the present century a couple has claimed the meat and had their claim allowed.

It was customary for the happy recipients to be "chaired" and carried through the village upon the shoulders of the villagers, to the music of sackbut and horn, the procession being blessed by the prior, and made up in part by the cowed and garbed brothers of the monastery.

If he chose to do so, the happy husband cut off clices of the bacon and sold them to the villagers, and these were "luck meat" for whosoever bought them. It was a good old custom and made much joy for those who won the bacon, and many heartaches for those who could not put over the bluff.

In this day there would be some trouble in getting the bacon for distribution. I have gone about among the butchers and asked for a "flitch of bacon." They looked upon me as one beside himself. One of them, loyal to his salt, told me he had none of "Flitch's," but that he had every other brand.

It's an Ill Wind . . .

I saw in church at noon today
A wealthy man I used to know
And thought how well it was for him
He had no other place to go!

SISTER MIRIAM.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Cynara

ERNEST DOWSON once wrote a poem and called it "Cynara." Later, R. F. Gore-Browne wrote a novel on a similar theme and called it "An Imperfect Lover." Now we have a play by Mr. Gore-Browne and Mr. H. M. Harwood which takes the title of Dowson's poem and the story of Mr. Gore-Browne's book. It is rather necessary to follow this complicated genealogy since there is only the faintest reminiscence in the play of the theme of the famous Dowson poem.

The theme of which Dowson wrote was the old one of the supposed conflict between spiritual and physical fidelity. He sang of the man who, in all his debaucheries and pleasures, still saw before him and intimately felt the presence of the one to whom he was faithful in his heart if not in his actions. The play, based on Mr. Gore-Browne's book, is by contrast a very realistic and factual recital of the way in which a man who has been happily married for seven years is suddenly left alone in London in the company of a very sophisticated older friend only to find that his ideals and his fidelity vanish all too easily in an affair with a little shop girl whom he and his friend meet in one of the smaller restaurants. The story culminates in the suicide of the girl when the man returns to his wife.

Here and there we find scattered through the play a few elements which tend to modify the above bald recital of its plot. Jim Warlock, the man in question (played by Philip Merivale), is by no means the pursuer in the case. It is the girl, who is not entirely inexperienced, who pleads with him for his love and eventually plays upon his combination of chivalry and pity. He has told her, from the first, of his marriage and the happiness he has found in his life. The girl herself promises to give him up at any time and without question. From this point on, however, the play shows his increasing involvement and the girl's emotional claims upon him, his own increasing mental distress and his final unsuccessful efforts to break with her. The climax of the girl's suicide comes after his wife's return and is followed by the inquest during which every charge is made against Warlock except those that are true.

There is a prologue and an epilogue to the play, being chiefly the scene between husband and wife some months after the conclusion of the above events. In the end, the wife learns more of the truth than has ever been told to her before and decides to take back her husband. She is convinced that his infidelity has not utterly supplanted his love for her.

The theme of this play obviously recalls somewhat the theme of "Paris Bound" by Philip Barry. In that play, as in this, there is some effort to show that marriage can and does rest on broader foundations than those recognized by the civil courts of Reno. "Cynara" also has the advantage of showing clearly at all stages the mental pressure and ultimate remorse of the husband because of the apparently unexplainable conflict between two emotional attachments. In Barry's play, the theme was established that claims of marriage rise superior to the sins against marriage. But there was no evidence of remorse for the active infidelity on which the problem of the play turned.

Apart from this one point, however, "Cynara" has the one fatal fault of romanticizing the very thing whose tragic consequences it points out. It might have been, with a more poetic and subtler handling, something of a tragedy, inasmuch as it shows the breaking down of a fine character under temptation and the re-forming of that character through suffering. But you cannot have real tragedy, much less poetic tragedy, without

having main characters who, whether they are of humble position in the world or not, achieve tragic proportions in the intensity of their feelings and in the scope of their thoughts and actions. The details of this play are of such a mediocre and sordid character that they utterly defeat the possibility of a tragic theme emerging from the story. The cynical and worldly wise comments of Warlock's older friend, the Honorable John Tring (played by Henry Stephenson), turn many of the more serious implications into the atmosphere of light comedy. There is nothing, moreover, in the character of the shop girl, Doris Lea (played by Adrienne Allen), to lend either poetic or tragic mood. What she does is perfectly understandable, so far as her character is carefully delineated. But she has merely a pathetic mind, and a small one, and her thoughts never go beyond the impulse of attaching herself to a man whom she regards with considerable hero worship. It is, if you will, a sad thing to see a man of high purpose misled through kindness into yielding to his primitive passions. But it is anything but tragic.

The acting of the main characters if, of course, above reproach since Mr. Merivale is thoroughly capable of conveying the confused emotions of Warlock, and since Miss Allen makes the little shop girl as interesting as the outlines of the character permit. The charm and dignity of Phoebe Foster, as the wife, help in some small measure to offset the carefree worldliness of Mr. Stephenson as Tring. But the best of acting cannot alter the basic character of the play and there is no way in which the story, as a whole, raises itself above the level of an exaggerated comment on the commonplace. Moreover, the definite feeling is conveyed that Warlock is a victim of circumstances and more to be pitied than blamed. This is just as sophomoric and misleading a sentimentalizing of a man's character as the inevitable story, written by so many college undergraduates, sentimentalizing the woman of the streets. There is plenty of truth in the thought that many of the greatest sins of the world must be forgiven, but it is quite unnecessary, in bringing out the truth and beauty of this, either to minimize the sin itself or to clothe it with a glamor which does not belong to it. (At the Morosco Theatre.)

Hell Divers

EVERY time one sees a motion picture play that has no relation to the limitations and conventions of the stage and that expands freely over broad horizons, one realizes that essential distinction between the screen and the stage which will always keep the best work of each of them apart.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Hell Divers," in spite of the slender thread of story which runs through it, is a spirited panorama of the peace-time activities of the naval fliers. The picture was made in coöperation with the United States navy and is probably more authentic in its many details than any film of the kind so far produced. It has, of course, after the pattern of most of the war plays, two main characters who are constantly in conflict but who, underneath the surface, have a deep affection for each other. One of these, Windy, is played by Wallace Beery in his own superlative fashion, and the other, Steve, is played by Clark Gable. It is hardly necessary to detail the plot beyond saying that it follows these two chief petty officers through both land and sea maneuvers, including the bombing of land targets and also the sinking of an obsolete battleship, and an attack on a group of dirigibles. In the latter attack, Steve's plane is destroyed and Windy comes to his rescue on a fog-bound and rocky beach. It is from this moment on that the story moves toward the tragedy of Windy's death in a heroic and successful attempt at rescue.

Included in the many stirring scenes of this picture are night maneuvers over the naval airport with searchlights, the landings and take-offs from the United States airplane carrier, *Saratoga*, the final dash from the beach through the fog in which Windy attempts to pilot the plane with two severely injured men as his cargo. He does succeed in making a landing on the *Saratoga*, but in the process crashes the plane and is so severely burned that he dies and is buried at sea.

The point I particularly wish to make is that pictures of this character represent the peculiar genius of the screen. It would be utterly impossible to transcribe them for the limits of the stage. They have that same essential authenticity which has characterized the great nature pictures of the last few years and some of the historical pageants. In "*Hell Divers*" there are, of course, some defects which have not been prevented even by the coöperation of the navy. Actors, for some unaccountable reason, never seem quite able to grasp the essential feeling of officers. The admiral and captain of the *Saratoga* have none of the blunt directness of officers accustomed to their authority, and use that stage stuffiness which is a thin substitute for the true poise of well-trained service men. In a sense, this same criticism would probably carry through to some of the enlisted men, but here the human interest in the story overcomes the minor defects which might otherwise be painful. The main point is that the screen in this instance catches, as it has done before in so many notable instances, the particular and impelling spirit of adventurous existence. It has all the power and glamor of pageant and drama combined.

Wallace Beery is entirely at his best. Without oversentimentalizing the part of the rough and ready Windy, he manages to make the picture of this man reach such proportions that his death holds the real feeling of tragedy. Clark Gable is thoroughly competent as Steve. On the whole, I have rarely seen a more stirring picture. (At the Astor Theatre.)

La Notte di Zoraima

IT IS becoming more and more evident that Italo Montemezzi is to take his place with Mascagni and Leoncavallo as a man of one opera. It is now more than twenty years since "*L'Amore dei Tre Re*" was first produced and there has since come nothing from Montemezzi which even approaches the quality of that splendid work. "*La Notte di Zoraima*" is the latest of his efforts, and despite some excellent passages—passages which were echoes of "*L'Amore dei Tre Re*"—it proved to be an opera of little importance, and one heavily handicapped by Signor Ghisalberti's absurd libretto, a libretto which contained all the unrealities of the typical Italian grand opera. That Montemezzi should have chosen such a libretto seems incredible, for it is one which even supreme musical genius would find difficult to make believable. Indeed its obviousness and preposterous theatricalism are no doubt partly responsible for the failure of even those passages which might to another text have proved effective. In short the reminiscences of "*L'Amore*" are in "*La Notte di Zoraima*" vulgarized and coarsened. Only the magnificent voice of Rosa Ponselle atoned for the boredom of the opera itself. What her voice could do, and it had much to do, was done; which only left the regret that it should have been thrown away on impossible material. Yet the Metropolitan was justified in giving this one-act opera because of the public's very natural desire to learn what else might come from the composer of one of the few really important operas of the last quarter-century. That disappointment was the result, was not the Metropolitan's fault.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL has rendered a notable service in calling attention to the startling paper of Dr. O'Brien in the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, and the comments of Dr. O'Hara and Father Ross, both experts in dealing with statistics, on the subject. Many of our priests, the writer for one, would have missed Dr. O'Brien's paper had we not read THE COMMONWEAL editorial.

Doubtless the grave subject of Catholic leakage, constant and continuous both in this country and elsewhere, will provoke, as it ought to, much and serious discussion in clerical and lay circles at the present time, because of the astounding revelation of half a million Catholic loss last year! Catholics and non-Catholics will ask: Can this be possible? Is it true? It can't be so! Well, there are the figures staring us in the face in a staid, conservative review, published mainly for the clergy. How can one get away from them?

Now the present writer is not going to deal with the statistics; he will leave them to the experts; but he would like to set down what he has heard and seen in more than fifty years in the priesthood, bearing on the general subject of Catholic leakage. Let me begin by accepting fully the aphorism of Bishop Spaulding that "the saddest truth is better than the merriest lie." It would be well if many of our wild optimists (in Church affairs) would remember this. It would help greatly in times of depression in Church or State, like the present.

But to my story of what I have heard and seen during half a century in the priesthood. This is what I heard: As a young priest, it was my privilege to be in a small group of clergymen, listening to them discussing this very subject of Catholic leakage, and I heard a thoughtful and scholarly bishop, Dr. James O'Connor, the first bishop of Omaha, say with much emphasis that "we have lost as many millions of Catholics as we now have" (that was in the early eighties when the Catholic population was about twelve or fourteen millions). That impressive statement has remained with me all these years. I could not forget it. It was appalling, as much so as the half a million lost last year—if true. Yet there are the figures of Messrs. O'Brien, O'Hara and Ross. Will not someone disprove them?

What I have seen: After some few years as assistant, my good bishop advanced me to a small country parish, made up of coal miners and about a score of farmers. The farmers had their farms in a rich and very beautiful valley, and were quite comfortable with large families—they were still old-fashioned and knew little or nothing of what Theodore Roosevelt called, aptly enough, race suicide. Within a very short time I made the alarming discovery that most of those well-to-do farmers had distinctively Irish Catholic names, but belonged to one or another of the Protestant churches, and that the few Catholic farmers had anything but Catholic names. That puzzled me for some time, but I found a solution later on.

Not a few of the Protestant farmers, with the Catholic names, were descendants of the Maryland Catholic settlers who found their way into the valley. Why they fell away is easily explained—no church, no priest, mixed marriages. The poor miners (God bless them!) presented no difficulty, except that all of them did not edify their Protestant neighbors on or about pay-day. They went to the right church, however, when they were sober, and said their prayers fervently, I believe. Of course, this was long before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and there was no hypocrisy in those

poor miners. My big problem was to make and keep them sober and to help them bring up their children decently and good Catholics. Among them there were no fallen-aways, as there were among the farmers in the valley.

My next promotion, if it be such as most young priests regard it, was to a city parish and what I heard and saw there is another, and perhaps a more interesting, story dealing with Catholic leakage.

SACERDOS SENEX.

Long Island City, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May it be suggested that there is a significance indeed to be attached to the appearance in your issue of December 9 of the article entitled "Catholic Leakage" and, among communications, the letter of William E. Kerrish. If, as is represented in the former, the Church did lose half a million Catholics last year, is not the action of the lay apostolate such "a facing of the facts" as is demanded? Or, shall it appear by a more exacting calculation that the figures are not quite so bad, ought we not nevertheless look to the layman himself for that restoration of affairs to the point where a systematic and healthy growth may again be observed?

The causes of leakage are doubtless many. It might well require the long and careful observation of a student of theology and of human nature to determine the reasons and the remedies for such a condition. This much may be said with reasonable certainty, however, that there is an appalling ignorance of things concerning the Church among non-Catholics. And lest another line add to that smugness prevalent in the ranks of those blessed with the Faith, be it said—also among Catholics themselves.

For the sincere non-Catholic, and there are many, the avenues of information are not so easily opened. Their own faith, even when it presumes to be more than a name, has little or nothing in the way of rock bottom truth to offer. Many have no Catholic acquaintances, and some of those who have even find difficulty in securing adequate information from that source. To approach a priest is, in most instances, for them, impossible.

In this situation the layman occupies a unique position. Blessed with a holy faith, he is veritably at the doorstep of truth itself. Shall he interest himself in his Church, all of her doctrine and her teachings may be his. Not the least of the advantages of his status however, is the enviable fact of his nearness to those who need his help. Whether in the shop or the office, the school or the pleasure resort, the Catholic layman is constantly rubbing shoulders with his non-Catholic brethren. While they would never dream of seeking out a member of the clergy, they would be unreserved in conversation with a man of their own general standing. The opportunities for good among Catholics and non-Catholics alike are countless, were the layman to take up this task.

That such work has already commenced in Boston as described by Mr. Kerrish, it is gratifying to note. There are, without doubt, many such groups throughout the country in the early stages of growth. We may witness for example the Catholic Evidence Guild of New York, a small body of young men, studying weekly under the direction of a spiritual adviser and in January of 1932 beginning a series of weekly radio broadcasts by laymen on Catholic topics.

We sincerely join in the prayer that "such groups may soon come forward, burning with holy faith" to take up the Cross of Christ, the banner of His Holy Church. What more effective way to stop that trickle in the dam, of which we have received the first alarm?

THOMAS J. DIVINEY.

CATHOLICS AND THE CONSTITUTION

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editor: Some of us who have for years believed and taught that there could never be a real conflict between us Catholics and our constitution, have found our faith slipping of late. In the August *Catholic World* Father James Gillis quotes the declaration of an "eminent English Catholic writer" that "conflict between Church and State in America, or elsewhere, is inevitable," and adds an example of his own to prove its possibility. Father J. Elliot Ross dragged the issue completely into the open in THE COMMONWEAL of December 2, and now we must face it.

Father Ross has a disarming way of writing. There is in his lines none of that *ex cathedra* authoritativeness assumed by those who know just enough to be conceited and not enough to be humble. Therefore it was a happy circumstance that he was the one to open a controversy—or, let us hope, a pleasant discussion of the problem, for problem it is. This problem should be solved, if solution be possible, for Catholics in general and especially for teachers of Christian morals concerning our duties toward the State. The clashes between Church and State in Mexico, Russia, Spain and Italy did not seriously disturb those of us who lived in a paradise of ignorance about a possible difficulty for ourselves. We had a rude awakening when the Supreme Court announced its ruling on the Macintosh case. The fact that it was not a unanimous ruling but emphasized that consciences may conflict even in an official body whose members are above reproach.

One can but devoutly hope that our theologians and political economists will give thoughtful consideration to the article by Father Ross and will solve the very real difficulty set forth in it.

S. M. E.

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: "The Problem of Problems" in the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL is a masterpiece—the clearest statement of things I have ever read anywhere. Your suggested remedies, however, good so far as they go, are totally inadequate.

The crisis is here now, not a hundred years away. There is only one solution of the whole business. To run a farm requires work and judgment but, even with work and planning, the multitude of run-down small farms in America are impossible for generations to come at least. How can a city-bred man or woman go back and survive on them? The ones there now have to get off of them or be put off or die off. On the other hand, the surplus city population has got to go somewhere, and they have got to go because of the urge of economic necessity.

Seventy-five years ago, we had vast areas to open up to settlers and exploitation. We have to reclaim them now. Call it Socialism, Communism, or any old name you choose. Here's the only solution. Before you condemn it as contrary to Christian principles, read the recent papal encyclicals carefully.

Establish Senator Wagner's employment bureaus everywhere. If there is no place for a man or woman who applies for a job in the industrial machine, send them out on government-owned rural community centers, planned with cottages and accompanying gardens and adequate provision for education, recreation and religious appointments. Give them a minimum wage for service rendered the government in building and maintaining these centers and conducting scientific reforestation operations on a vast scale on areas to be bought up by the government surrounding the community.

Roosevelt's amendment to the New York constitution for reforestation is utterly insufficient. There would be a constant flow of new recruits to these communities and a return of others to the capitalistic-run industrial world. These government-owned community areas would act as insurers and stabilizers of our economic system and put an end to unemployment. In dull periods in industry, the trees could be given better care, trimmed out and groomed like race horses. The forests would be priceless in time and more than repay the cost of the entire enterprise. Tax industry equitably to pay the entire cost. It is cheap insurance. Our captains of industry and finance, from purely selfish motives, should favor it. This is in addition to the Swope plan for industry and a plan as you suggest for agriculture. Amend the constitution to make it all legal.

We are stewing our heads off about Europe, Asia, Africa and South America while our continent is going to pot. When you are ready, you need only go within seventy miles of New York City in New York state and find the first site for a community—thousands of acres in worse shape now than when it was stolen from the Indians. Within twenty-four hours, you can assemble countless men and women, all now broke, jobless and bewildered, who are ready and anxious to go at the minimum wage. The money expended in the enterprise would find its way back into the channels of trade and domestic commerce.

A BRONX APARTMENT-HOUSE DWELLER.

THE NEW IRISH REVOLUTIONARIES

London, England.

TO the Editor: Alas, for the search for impartiality! I thought I was being very impartial in my article on "The New Irish Revolutionaries," and as if to confirm the feeling you will not be surprised to hear that many of my friends have been hauling me over the coals for letting down a desperate body of men, opponents to the state, far too lightly. Your correspondent, Charles Rice, in *THE COMMONWEAL* of November 25, thinks otherwise.

He asks why you do not present articles by David Hogan, Aodh de Blacam, Peadar O'Donnell. David Hogan is the editor of a "Republican" newspaper; his literary editor is Mr. de Blacam; while Peadar O'Donnell is one of the founders of the organization known as Saor Eire, whose aim is the overthrow of the Free State and British imperialism and the capitalist system. At least two of these men, are, I hope, friends of mine, and when I question if their account of affairs in modern Ireland would be even as impartial as mine—who owe no allegiance to any organization or newspaper—I merely wish to state a fact, not impugn their honesty.

As to my own sympathies, your correspondent does me an injustice. I and the above-mentioned three men were on the same side during the Civil War. Mr. Rice need not cavil at the word "gunman"—it doesn't mean in Ireland quite what it means in Chicago. It is not meant as a dishonorable term. So much for my "bias" against Irish Republicans.

As for my impartiality—there is an Irish proverb that says, "Whoever comes free or does not come free of harm from a fight, the man between never does." I think I am representative of a large body of Irishmen. We are not satisfied with the present administration of the state. We are not in any mood to trust Mr. de Valera again. We are far from being in a mood to trust to such sanguine schemes as Saor Eire. In our view Ireland has done none too badly and has earned a rest. If the extremists will not promise peace, we must support, however against the grain, those who will. Our support is

received in the spirit in which it is given and our lack of support is observed with hate. We are the unfortunate "men between," the buffers distrusted by each side, and it is we who pay whenever the extremists have their little fling.

I am not therefore either surprised or moved by Mr. Rice's attack. But I do assure him I made no personal references in my article: "emigré gunmen washing cars in Cleveland or running speakeasies in New York" was a metaphorical phrase intended to hide, not disclose, personalities. I must say, finally, that I am rather amused by Mr. Rice's appeal to you "to rectify your errors and champion the truth." How you must have sighed at that word. I suppose Mr. Rice thinks he has it in his pocket, if you would only listen to him while he makes everything quite plain to you.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

ETHICAL ADVERTISING

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor: Unfortunately, I have not before me the month's old issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, wherein was published the results of an exhaustive analysis of a preparation called listerine. This analysis was made by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the Association. I have, however, the *Journal* of November 14, 1931, which carries reproductions of posters exhibited at the annual session of the American Medical Association at Philadelphia in June of this year.

These posters indicated that listerine is a secret preparation, since it cannot be made by following the formula noted on the carton; that the *Lancet* (a British medical journal) report, given wide publicity by the manufacturers of listerine, is unreliable; that diluted listerine is no more bactericidal than water; and that even full-strength listerine is a very weak germicide.

Now I feel that the American Medical Association, by publishing these and similar findings with relation to other proprietary remedies is doing an invaluable work, and I feel that their activities deserve the support of those interested in public health. Yet, possibly because the manufacturers of listerine have large advertising appropriations, nowhere have I read anything concerning the listerine report.

Whether or not the non-Catholic publisher should censor his advertising in the interests of his readers is debatable. But for the Catholic publisher, is the question debatable? He goes far, perhaps too far, in censoring items, which, he feels, may disturb the faith or morals of his readers. Should he be less careful of the bodily health of those same readers?

I have before me four issues, chosen at random, of a national Catholic weekly. Three different firms offer cures for asthma. One herb specialist suggests "a herb for every ailment," and recommends writing for a free booklet to "find the cause of your ailment." Another company wants us to learn to make our own herb medicines and indicates that there are "remedies for all ailments." Another company will, with its appliance, straighten a crooked spine. Another, by photographing and testing one's hair under a microscope, will correct troubles with the scalp and hair. A preparation called "Mercolized Wax" will peel off aged skin until "all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear." A concoction called "Fairy Foot" will dissolve painful, ugly bunions. Another preparation will take hair off the face after depilatories, waxes and liquids have failed. And thus it goes.

All this makes me sad, indeed; sad at the ignorance of the weekly's readers, and sad at their exploitation. Moreover, the

value of the message which this paper seeks to convey, must be impaired seriously by this sort of advertising.

Can the acceptance of such advertisements be justified ethically? Amateur and professional casuists are hereby invited to have a try at it.

DONALD POWELL.

LAUDS

Clairton, Pa.

TO the Editor: Mr. Leo Dillon asks this peculiar question in *THE COMMONWEAL*: "What can the Christian faith, and specifically, the Catholic religion, do to break down and dissipate, not sin and scepticism (we all know it can do that), but mental disease, in plain words, madness?"

Of course, madness arising from organic causes demands the services of a competent physician. But for cases of madness arising from psychopathic causes, Catholicism is the remedy. Sanity results from the adjustment of subjective estimates of value to actual objective values. Catholicism gives us actual objective values, and gives them in correct scale. It gives us the only philosophy of life that will hang together. It gives us a system of dogmatic truths of which we can be more certain than of the conclusions of mathematics. It gives us a moral code which is a sure guide to right living. It provides the only sound basis for adjustment to reality.

Madness arises from the tension and friction of maladjustment, or from the frantic effort of adjustment to some shifty, shadowy, false notions of value. The Catholic who knows the elementary principles of Catholicism, and lives up to them, never goes mad.

REV. JOSEPH LONERGAN.

GREED IS THE WITCH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have been an interested reader of the brilliant articles that have appeared of late in *THE COMMONWEAL* concerning our much discussed economic depression, particularly those treating the parts played by greed and its offspring, usury. Whenever reading one of these, my mind immediately couples it with that most prophetic book, "The Law of Civilization and Decay," by Brooks Adams. To Adams the rise and fall of every civilization may be considered as the resultant of two forces: fear of God by man, bringing with it a train of virtues, and greed, prevalent when this fear is absent. Anyone interested at all in the economic questions of today will, I believe, find this book of great interest.

PATRICK ENRIGHT.

COMMUNICATIONS

Belmont, Cal.

TO the Editor: Your publication has been on our table since the inception of your commendable work, and we have been delighted with the persistence and success of the magazine. You will not take it amiss if I note that some of your readers feel that you are giving of late too much valuable space to valueless "Communications" which have no general interest and in some cases have been serving merely as a vent for disaffected minds, or giving undue publicity to the half-baked philosophy of the immature or the ignorant. Would it not be wise to cut down the space permitted these would-be and self-constituted critics? Theirs would be thus differentiated from worth-while material in the column.

SISTER ANTHONY.

BOOKS

A Happy Playgoer

Our Changing Theatre, by R. Dana Skinner. New York: The Dial Press. \$3.00.

SOMETHING is always the matter with the theatre, and for a very good reason. The theatre is humanity's plaything, existing for the amusement of all and sundry, and what is the matter with it is what is the matter with humanity. Mostly, truth to tell, that is mediocrity. There has never been a time in the world's history when more than a dozen great dramas could get themselves written in a twelve-month, yet the demand for entertainment is almost universal now the movies carry photographed drama into every village, and twelve dramas a year wouldn't go far to meet this demand. The movies are ground out at the rate of six hundred a year, in the United States alone, while between one and two hundred plays are mounted annually on Broadway. Most of both plays and movies are drivel, but it is the unfortunate fate of the dramatic critics to be obliged to write about nearly all of them. To do that, and to keep one's tastes pure and one's judgment sound, is no small feat. Few are the newspaper critics who succeed. Writers for the weekly journals who can pick and choose a bit, fare better. Among our newspaper critics H. T. Parker, of the *Boston Transcript*, Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*, and John Mason Brown of the *New York Evening Post*, are notable because none of them has lost his enthusiasm for the theatre nor has suffered his standards to be blurred. And this is conspicuously true of R. Dana Skinner, dramatic critic of *THE COMMONWEAL*, who is one of the most zestful theatre-goers I know, ready to enjoy the entertainment of make-believe whenever it is even tolerably decent and intelligent, but also clinging firmly to a lofty standard of drama which shall be the goal of the theatre in its best estate.

Mr. Skinner's standard is peculiar, in this age, because it is strongly ethical. I do not mean by that, moralistic. He erects no tabus against the dramatist, as older critics like William Winter used to do, nor has he any sympathy with censorship, like that exercised with curious ineptitude in the city of Boston. But he recognizes, particularly in the modern drama since Ibsen, the relation between the dramatist's outlook on life, his depiction of character and conduct, and the spiritual reaction of the spectator when reason comes in to check immediate emotional response, and the play can be calmly considered. In Mr. Skinner's criticism, instinctively, perhaps, we have art nobly held to a standard of leadership, leadership in guiding human conduct, in promoting better understanding of the human heart, in stimulating spiritual alertness and releasing man's inherent joy in deeply felt and poetic things. Because of this, you will find Mr. Skinner's review of Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" refreshing, pointing out as it does the ethical falsity disguised by a silken texture of dialogue and emotion; or revel in his understanding comments on "Alison's House," so brutally handled by the New York press, yet essentially so lovely in its comprehension of spiritual values.

Anyone looking only at the theatre of the hour might be hard put to imagine how a critic with such standards could fill a volume. But as Mr. Skinner views our stage through the last two decades, he finds plenty to write about, plenty of plays which reflect honestly our American scene, plenty of authors who have something to say, or sometimes whose failure to say something is hardly less significant. Mr. Skinner is hopeful for the future, too. He feels that the talkies will eventually

handle the mere plot play, and leave the theatre free to treat of those subtler matters which concern the human soul in its relations to a bewildering cosmos. But do not suppose that his book is dryly concerned with either the prophecies or the ethics of art. It is concerned with those prophecies and ethics only as they emerge through the warm medium of human players, creating illusion, making us dream dreams, releasing our imaginations out of the humdrum into that strange, glamorous, potent world which is the theatre. Mr. Skinner loves acting as an art, and writes in detail about many of our actors and actresses. He goes to the theatre nightly prepared for a good time (even if he cannot always have one), and that zest he communicates in his book. Nor does he write for the few, in the manner of those to whom obscurity is a fetish. His style is clear, and he goes even into the dark places of "modern psychology" with the torch of common sense held high. He not only appears to know, for example, what O'Neill's "Great God Brown" is about, but he makes me think now that I do. (He hasn't quite succeeded in making me like it as well as he does.) In short, as the reader may already have surmised, I think this an excellent book.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

The Robustious President

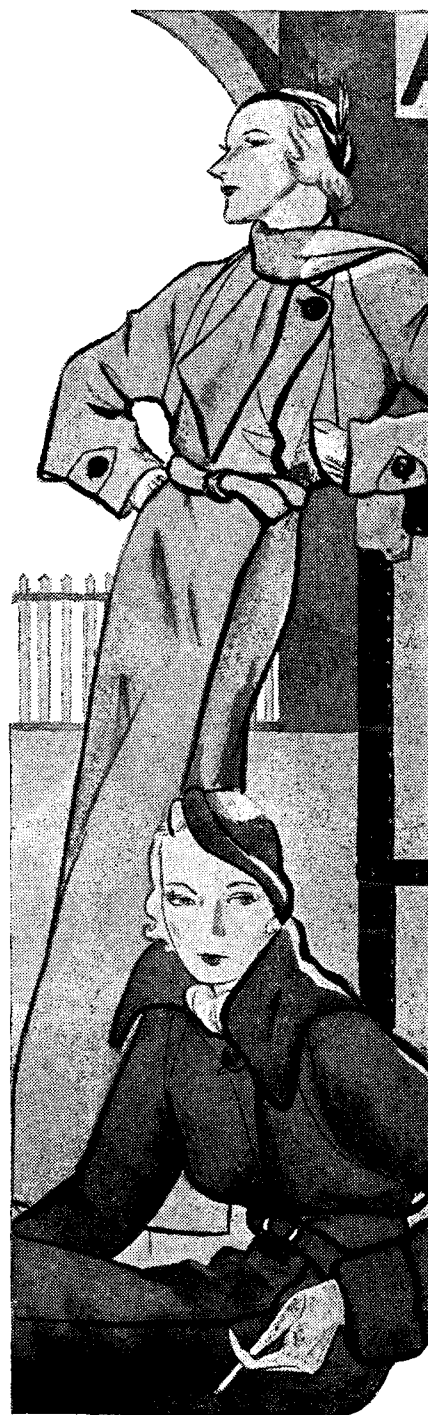
Theodore Roosevelt, by Henry F. Pringle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00.

THIS is the first real biography of Theodore Roosevelt, in the sense in which we should use the word if he were Julius Caesar or Shakespeare. It treats him as if he were a historic character, as if he had been dead a hundred years, and as if he were solely the subject of scientific and dispassionate study. Joseph Bucklin Bishop's biography will be drawn upon by all historians of the Roosevelt period, but it is essentially a source-book, rather than a biography. Other lives of Roosevelt have been either appreciations or depreciations. But the time was sure to come when he would be the subject of a biography, and of many biographies, written neither as sources, as laudations, or as attacks, but written as if he were a remote object of legitimate study.

And Henry F. Pringle has beaten everybody else to it, twelve years after Roosevelt's death. This is by no means to say that he has been uniformly successful, only that his intention has been to be accurate, and that this is true even where he fails to achieve his aim. Biographer after biographer will crowd after him in the future, each adding to him or taking from him; but the point is that he is the first man to treat Roosevelt as a purely biographical model.

His work has been not only bold in intention but excellent in execution. Here I am speaking of his workmanship. I do not mean to imply that his success has been perfect, for it has many defects; but they are defects that will be remedied by the regiment of future biographers of whom he is the pioneer. He has studied innumerable sources, with evidently no design but to find out the truth both about the act performed and the way in which the character of the actor led him to perform it. Where he has been inaccurate in either of these purposes, it has been because, in studying one source, he failed to get hold of another which would have completely reversed his characterization; or else because, with the best intentions, the differences between what is evidently his character and the character of Roosevelt prevent him from a perfect understanding of the deed performed and the motive of the doer.

As an instance of the first class cited, his account of Roose-



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B. ALTMAN

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET

NEXT WEEK

ARE SPANISH CATHOLICS APATHETIC? by E. Allison Peers, demonstrates "that Spanish Catholics, during this crisis, have not been lacking in courage, and, though faced with one perplexing, and, for the most part, unexpected situation after another, have behaved with dignity and propriety as well as with determination." In the midst of chaos and the cultivation of hatreds, the writer believes this is, after all, the utmost that reasonable and Christian people can do, and in time, much that has been extravagant will be modified and brought back more nearly to the norm of their position. . . . THE LEGACY OF PLATO, by George N. Shuster, is a review of the six volumes of Dr. Paul Elmer More's "Greek Tradition." This is in fact a review of a philosophy that is in the line of the finest and most enduring things that America has produced, and which has so excited the pack of the sophists and those who hate an affirmation and are generically suspicious of generous instincts. In Dr. More's work, says Mr. Shuster, "Humanism makes at once its boldest challenge and its most significant act of humility." . . . THE SISTERS OF MERCY, by Joseph B. Code, observes in the remarkable growth and development of the Sisters of Mercy, which it sketches, a modern application of the principle of Aristotle, "The Good tends to diffuse itself." . . . HOME'S LAST INDUSTRY, by Haryot Holt Dey, is a delightful study of the care of children and of the influences which are affecting this last tie of the family to the intimacies and shelter of the home. Ranged against the old affections and camaraderies between mother and child, Mrs. Dey sees "the doctors, the educators, the biologists, the psychologists, the sociologists, the psychoanalysts, the psychiatrists, the behaviorists and the atheists" in impressive numbers, but an unknown quantity, she cites, will yet be with mother and child.

velt's forcing the kaiser to desist from his designs on Venezuela in 1903 is because he relies too much on the work of Howard C. Hill, a hopelessly blind writer who regards an official document as a conclusive proof. Hill had written that there was no truth in the story that Roosevelt warned the German ambassador, von Holleben, that unless the German fleet were recalled from Venezuelan waters he would send Admiral Dewey there with a squadron already stationed in the Caribbean. Mr. Pringle follows him, and is disposed to think that, as Roosevelt did not tell this story until 1915, his memory was at fault. If he had only turned to Admiral Dewey's autobiography, he would have found there a circumstantial account which was the same as Roosevelt's 1915 version. Dewey never lied, and in this case would have had no earthly reason to lie.

As an example of the second, he thinks Roosevelt was a man who loved carnage; and this mistake, repeated through the book, indicates that Mr. Pringle is temperamentally at odds with Roosevelt's feeling about war. He admits, being truthful and fair, that when war loomed Roosevelt averted it, and he does not in the least understand why. In a puzzled way he places in opposition to this, certain swashbuckling remarks of Roosevelt's, such as that he would not be "in the least sensitive about killing any number of men if there is adequate occasion." It does not occur to Mr. Pringle that Washington and Lincoln acted on precisely that principle, and that what Roosevelt meant was exactly what they meant.

These are spots on the sun. Mr. Pringle, on the whole, has not only blazed the trail for future biographers; he has produced an admirable and honest study, and, though this is a minor point, he has written in a pleasing style and with great lucidity. His valuable book, despite such errors as the two I have selected for illustration, ought to get a wide reading for the mere pleasure of it; and whether it does or not, it is certain to be a guide-book for those who come after him.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

The Center of Society

The Family in the Present Social Order, by Ruth Lindquist. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

THE GREATER part of this book consists of a discussion of the family life of 306 married couples. The first chapter is a survey of the social and economic forces undermining monogamous marriage, and the last is an essay on research methods in family study. Neither bears directly on the problem in hand, nor contains much that is new or especially striking. But the statistical analysis and interpretation of the factual materials are decidedly worth while. Interesting tables showing ages of husband and wife, number of children, size of income, food problems, sources of friction, and other items are presented, and conclusions drawn with genuine scientific precision.

The title of the book is somewhat misleading. The author does not treat "The Family in the Present Social Order," but only a small segment of families, selected on recommendation as "successful." Two-thirds of the men, and four-fifths of the women, held college degrees, and only a negligible number had less than a twelfth-grade schooling. Only four of the families had an annual income of less than \$1,800, and more than two-thirds of them received \$2,500 or over. Eighty-six were in the income group of \$3,500-\$5,000. Half of the homes were founded less than eight years, and only 8 percent were established fifteen years or longer. Obviously, conclusions based on

a selected group of this kind are not valid for families in general. The author, of course, disclaims all intention of making broad deductions from this slender basis of fact.

Briefly, the book tells what educated married people do with their education and their money. It is a welcome accession to the meager literature on the modern family. In addition to its tabulated material, it offers many valuable data and observations regarding the home life of university graduates. For example, of the families studied slightly more than five out of ten attend religious services weekly; four out of ten occasionally; and only twelve out of the entire group do not go to church at all. Three-fourths of the wives had pursued college courses in home economics, including child care, health and nutrition, while apparently their husbands had had no formal preparation to equip them to become husbands and fathers. This divergence in education leads the author to urge the need of college courses to prepare men for marriage and parenthood. While everything depends on the type of instructor chosen for this important work, the suggestion is well worth a trial.

The book should be included in every supplementary reading list in college courses on the family, both for its valuable materials and its exemplification of careful research.

FRANCIS J. HAAS.

Hamlet without the Dane

History of the Christian People, by Henry K. Rowe. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

THE AUTHOR of this book is a professor of history at the Andover-Newton Theological School. As he explains it, his purpose was not to describe the institutional life of Christianity through the ages, but rather to give an account of the impact of Christian religious forces upon "human material" and to depict the resulting effects on the minds of men and women. Both the arrangement of the work and the selection of the topics to be stressed would seem to indicate that he sought principally to explain American Protestants to themselves. More than half the volume is devoted to a narrative of the fortunes of the Protestant bodies. In the discussion of modern Christianity only one chapter is allotted to Catholicism.

The idea of development and evolution underlies all that is said about the organization and the sacramental system of the early Church. The original government of the Church, we are told, was vested in a board of elders, a system copied from the Jewish synagogues, and the Lord's Supper was transformed from a simple memorial into a sacrament. This is, of course, the traditional evangelistic view of early Christian history. Monasticism is traced to the dissatisfaction which men and women felt because of the failure of the Church to live up to its original ideals, and because of this dissatisfaction they sought the solitudes in order to get nearer to God.

The work is conservative in the sense that it adheres so closely to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century standards and ideas, but it is somewhat modern in the summary of "Current Problems" which forms the subject of the concluding chapter. The author does not seem to take an optimistic view of the future of Protestantism in Europe or in America. He admits that the World War struck a death blow at Protestantism on the Continent in the defeat of Germany which was its citadel and bulwark. Denominationalism, he contends, has apparently run its course, and if Protestantism is to have any future, it must be found in various movements and plans for national and international federation. The work makes easy, but not encouraging, reading.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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A Genius Manqué

Richard Hughes, An Omnibus of His Important Work.
New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

RICHARD HUGHES is distinctly caviar of literature; and when he is not caviar, he is cream puff; in both cases, excellent of its kind. No doubt this would seem to indicate that he is a mixed diet of trifles that together, if not taken guardedly, would bring on convulsions of the mind. Those who do swallow him without discrimination are as a type distinguished by varying degrees of such disturbances, from downright neurasthenia to simple breathlessness with *weltschmerz*.

His specialty is anomalies, most frightfully clever anomalies in which the good appears evil and the evil is by all the evidence good. This is specifically so of his "Comedy of Good and Evil" in the present collection of verse, short stories and plays, a comedy of which George Bernard Shaw is reported to have said with his accustomed light humor and tolerance, "Anyone who cannot enjoy all of this must be an idiot." Mr. Hughes's magic of making black appear white is consummate because he has a real flare for the creation of child characters and making them, not bratishly, but most amusingly, charmingly, one might say almost angelically, devilish.

Essentially he is a romantic in the Byronic vein. One can gather this not only from his verse, but also from his autobiography with which he prefaces the present volume, his predilection for fighting in small lost causes where the principal weapons seem to be daggers and for travel. He is romantic in the modern fashion, however, contenting himself with being sophisticated and clever where the old romanticists would have been fulsome. If you think you would be amused by this sort of thing, here it is. It is very likely subtle poison for undergraduates, but for adults it is no more than smart literary confectioning and a precocious exhibition of invincible ignorance.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Life in a Mirror

All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

VITA SACKVILLE-WEST shows in her latest book, "All Passion Spent," even more clearly than she showed in "The Edwardians," that she has a wholesome sense of humor.

She views the lives of the members of an enterprising aristocratic family through the eyes of their elderly mother, Lady Slane. She thus looks back over those people whom she looked at directly in "The Edwardians"—the English aristocracy before the war—and she criticizes them kindly and calmly. Lady Slane's politically influential husband having just died, she finds time and solitude to enjoy life at an age when for most people life is done. Miss Sackville-West notes with not a little cleverness how insignificant the apparently big concerns of life become when from outside the maelstrom one surveys it with an impartial eye. She shows how Lady Slane derives more pleasure from looking in retrospect at the pleasures and honors of life than in enjoying those pleasures herself. But Lady Slane is not a cynic; neither is the author—far from it.

The book is beautifully written, but had Lady Slane had something supernatural it would have given a fuller meaning to her life. Perhaps the author herself hasn't it and therefore cannot give it to her characters. Nevertheless, Miss Sackville-West has given us a book of depth and beauty. She sees through superficialities and mannerisms into the character beneath.

ANTHONY J. MURPHY.

Briefer Mention

Copper Country, by Mary Synon. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.00.

FOR A considerable number of years the short stories of Mary Synon have held a high place in well-known magazines, for she brings always to her work a deep sympathy and "love of folks" that irradiates every tale. In this, her first venture into the novel, one looks for this same deep understanding of the heart with which her other stories are filled, and one is not disappointed. The *Copper Country*—a long strip of land that borders Lake Superior—is the scene of her book. The unity of place is preserved almost in its entirety, for the action scarcely moves from this spot, which makes for that deep sense of home which is perhaps one of Mary Synon's strongest characteristics—love for and belief in the home, whether the tenement or, as in this case, the mansions of the rich. The older generation here is of men who have wrested fortunes from the earth and used their heads to keep what they earned; the younger generation—their children—may remember a few early hardships, but theirs is really the world of those who have always had money and leisure to be reckless if they wish. Some of them have been away at fashionable Eastern schools, some more simply reared at home. The emotions and actions of these various sets of people—the older ones who have made the money and the younger who know only its spending—create a fascinating story of diverse natures acting on each other. Outstanding among them are the older Kendry and his daughter Rose, an unselfish but eager-to-live girl whose love affair is the truest, saddest and happiest part of this novel.

Poetry in France and England, by Jean Stewart. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

THE PERENNIALY interesting topic of what French poetry means to an English reader, and vice versa, has never been dealt with more intelligently and competently than in Jean Stewart's little book. It is, to be sure, a very temperate and modest inspection. There are no startling paradoxes, the author shuns the wholesale commitment of brilliant phrases. But as you follow the story from the Renaissance through Romanticism to the moderns, you will find—if the subject has interested you—a constant reasonable awareness of how things have really been. Some omissions are, of course, regrettable. Despite certain current moods, the neo-Romanticism of Jammes and others has added so much beauty to French verse that it ought not to go unnoticed. This book is Number 15 of the "Hogarth Lectures," the frequent value of which it is a pleasure to stress.

Charlotte Corday, by Michel Corday. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$3.00.

THOUGH M. Corday has apparently striven for detachment in the composition of this memorial to one to whom he traces a relationship, one nevertheless detects a certain leaning toward the more ferocious incident. The final impression is less of the tragedy of Charlotte Corday caught up in the monstrous machinery of revolution than of the savageness with which so great a change of order, of society, was achieved. For this reason, "Charlotte Corday" is a wounding book. For the most part objective in treatment, M. Corday's approach to his subject not frequently inclines toward the modern psychoanalytical method. Doubtless, since it is never wholly given in to, this comes of sensing the psychoanalytical as an appetite of the times.

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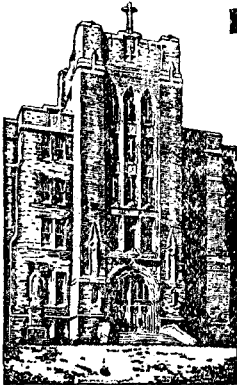
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*Jacob Fugger the Rich, by Jacob Strieder; translated by
Mildred L. Hartsough. New York: The Adelphi Company.
\$3.00.*

IT IS a pleasure to see Professor Strieder's excellent mono-
graph on the head of the Fugger family translated into decent
English and made available to all who care to know about one
of the most important incidents in the development of cap-
italism. Jacob Fugger, of Augsburg, was the great sixteenth-
century merchant and financier who inaugurated the system of
what is known as "family capitalism." Though a good Catholic,
he followed Italian example and ignored the mediaeval precept
of interest taking. He dealt in all forms of wealth—industry,
land, mines, money and political influence. Every aspect of the
story is so interesting that none can be singled out here. How
much of Fugger's success must be attributed to his somewhat
revolutionary concept of social ethics and how much to chang-
ing economic conditions is a difficult question. Strieder remains
objective, appended to his own lucid survey the major docu-
ments bearing on the problem. Professor Gras has prefixed to
the volume an introductory essay in which there are more rash
generalizations than important or illuminating remarks.

*Notes on The Testament of Beauty, by Nowell Charles
Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.*

READERS of Robert Bridges's poem must have longed for
some assistance in fathoming this or that allusion, this or that
argument. Mr. Smith has labored to mate supply to demand.
His book, which does not hesitate to be critical when occasion
demands, affords an exceedingly valuable glossary. It is only
on larger issues that the student will question, if not Mr.
Smith's judgment, then his accuracy. Thus it is hardly the
"concept of Darwinian evolution" which is adopted by the poet,
but a vision of evolution of the same kind that seems to have
come to Saint Augustine after reading certain Neo-Platonists.

*Circus, by Paul Eipper; with photographs by Hedda Walther.
New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00*

THE SEVERAL books which have been translated from the
German of Paul Eipper and illustrated with photographs by
Hedda Walther enjoy a merited popularity. They are, perhaps,
a little too naturalistic for some tastes, but the close-up views of
human and animal life they afford are nevertheless valuable and
appealing. Circus life is the theme of the present volume, which
is really a sequence of sketches dealing with what goes on in the
tents and the menagerie. The photographs are simply extraordi-
nary; the text is fascinating.

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